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LIFE AND BATTLES OF NED TURNER,

THE CONQUEROR OF

THE HARDY AND ALMOST INVULNERABLE SCROGGINS.

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The Jury, after a short consideration, returned a verdict of *Manslaughter* against the prisoner, but earnestly recommended him to the merciful consideration of the court, on account of his humanity and forbearance.

Mr. Baron Graham observed, that the court participated in the feelings of the Jury.

At the end of the Sessions, Turner was sentenced to two months imprisonment in Newgate.

During the confinement of Turner in the above prison, it appears that he conducted himself with so much propriety and decorum, as to merit the attention of the head keeper, who granted him every indulgence consistent with the rules of the place of safety, in order to render his privation of liberty less irksome and oppressive to his feelings. He was also visited by many of the highest patrons of pugilism.

Shortly after his liberation from Newgate, Turner, by the advice of his friends, took a benefit at the Minerva-rooms, Leadenhall-street, as a means of contributing towards the heavy expenses he had sustained from his trial and imprisonment. The amateurs rallied round him, upon this occasion, in the most respectable and numerous manner.

The sporting circles, of this period, were extremely anxious, it seems, to bring about a match between the all-conquering Scroggins and Turner; but, the friends of the latter insisting that Scroggins, on coming into the ring, should not exceed 10st 7lbs., after considerable conversation upon the subject, the match was completely off. But the following accidental circumstance produced a battle, after all the previous regular propositions of bringing them together had failed.

At a sporting dinner, which took place at the Castle-Tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1817, Mr. Emery, of Covent-Carden Theatre, acting in the capacity of president, both Turner and Scroggins were among the visitors. In consequence of the deputy-chairman being absent, Scroggins was requested to fill up the vacancy. The above little hero, having returned from the Fives-Court, after setting-to with Tom Belcher, in which display with the gloves he had been much applauded, was quite upon the *qui vive*; and, not standing upon the punctilio of waiting for either toast or sentiment, rallied his bottle in such quick succession, that in a few minutes it was completely fl.ored! In a short period afterwards the potent effects of glass upon glass operated so somniferously upon the upper works of Scroggy, that he laid down his head and went to sleep. The company were rather pleased than offended from this inactive state of their deputy—it afforded, what they had for some time wanted, harmony without interruption—and he was permitted to enjoy the benefit of his slumbers. Upon waking he quitted the chair *sans ceremonie*, and introduced himself to the company below stairs in the coffee-room. Turner soon afterwards took his leave of the dinner party, and on his way home through the house, he merely took a peep, en passant, at the room below stairs. Here Scroggins had got his coat off, and was offering to fight Joe Norton, who had offended him, with one hand tied behind his back; and, in fact, threatening to mill him. It is fair to observe, that Scroggins was in a complete state of inebriation. The company remonstrated upon the inequality of the thing, and Turner slightly and civilly remarked that Norton was an old man, his time was gone by, and quite out of the question, as to fighting with Scroggins. The latter, with much asperity, abused Turner for his observation—called him everything but a good one—and sneeringly told Ned that he had never defeated anybody, and only "licked a man who was *dead* before he entered the ring." This produced a sharp retort from Turner, when Scroggins, without hesitation, gave the former a slap in the face as he was sitting down. A turn-up was the immediate consequence, but scarcely a blow passed from the confined state of the room, when they were both down, and Turner undermost. Sutton instantly got between them, the company also interfered, and peace was once more restored. The account of this fracas flew up stairs like lightning, and the amateurs immediately entered upon the subject, with all the decision of a council of war. Scroggins, with much derision and contempt, offered to fight Turner £10o to £50; but the latter felt all this sort of empty boasting, in the true spirit of indignation so finely applied by the poet:

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

It was the general opinion of those persons present that Turner had been unhandsomely treated by Scroggins; and, in consequence, Mr. Soares, on the part of Turner, immediately made a deposit of five guineas, towards making the match, (although Mr. S. had, in every previous instance, supported Scroggins.) On Wednesday, the 12th of March, the partizans of both the heroes met at Belcher's, and the stakes were accordingly made good. But Scroggins was the "idol" of the sporting world; and it was almost like a caricature upon any one's judgment to name Turner as having anything like a chance; indeed, infatuation was carried to such a pitch of extravagance, respecting the overwhelming capabilities of Scroggins, that the Jew phenomenon never stood upon higher ground in the best of his days than did the above "little hardy hero," at this precise period.

It is impossible to describe the sensation this fight occasioned in the sporting circles; the fame of Scroggins, from his having conquered Boots, Dolly Smith, Nosworthy, Eales, Whittaker, and Church, in succession, had made such a strong impression on the minds of the Fancy in general, that he was thought to be almost invulnerable, and even Scroggins himself felt impressed with the same idea, and fought £100 against Turner's £50. It is true, the above match was made when Scroggins was not exactly in a *compos mentis* state; but, in his soberest moments, he boldly asserted he would win it with the most apparent ease. The capabilities of Turner he positively ridiculed—treated him as a mere upstart pugilistic pretender, and flattered himself, in the ring, that the prowess of Turner would as quickly vanish in competition with his punishing arm, like snow before the sun. For three nights previous to the battle taking place, the sporting houses were crowded to excess, and so very high did this modern Dutch Sam stand in the estimation of the knowing ones, that to procure a bet, nothing less than three to one would be accepted, and that only from an idea that a chance hit or an accident might operate against his usual success. On Wednesday morning, the 26th of March, 1817, as soon as it was light, groups of pedestrians were seen on the Uxbridge-road, tramping along to witness the above grand fight; and by eight o'clock, carriages of all descriptions were rattling along, from the splendid barouche and four, down to the donkey and hampers. By eleven, twenty thousand persons had collected on the ground, in a field near Hayes, between the bridge and the turnpike, about ten miles on the Uxbrige-road, from Tyburn turnpike. At eighteen minutes to one Turner appeared in the ring, dressed in a fashionable great-coat, and threw up his hat, and Scroggins immediately followed. Cribb tied the yellow handkerchief belonging to Turner on the posts of the ring, and Oliver immediately placed the blue one belonging to Scroggins alongside it. The combatants shook hands together before they stripped. The time having arrived for the commencement of the fight, Oliver and Clark appeared as seconds to Scroggins, and the Champion of England and Harry Harmer attended upon Turner. Three to one was the current betting against the latter, and many thousands were depending on the event. Turner was an object of great curiosity, from his late unfortunate battle with Curtis; but viewed as anything like a competitor with Scroggins, the idea was sneered at, as betraying a want of judgment. The ring measured twenty-four feet, and the numerous carriages round it formed an elegant amphitheatre. Lord Yarmouth and Colonel Barton acted as the time-keepers.

First round. It was expected, on the combatants setting-to, that Scroggins would adopt his usual method of boring in to his adversary, or to use his own words, "take the fight out of him;" but he was more cautious than usual, and a good deal of sparring occurred between them. He made a feint at Turner, and instantly got away again. At length, Scroggins put in a hit—some trifling blows passed between them, and ultimately Turner went down slightly, when Scroggins held up his hands, by way of showing how little he thought of him.

2. Scroggins now appeared a little more on the alert to follow up his success, and gave Turner a sharp nobber, but he failed in doing his usual punishing execution. The customer before him was not of that easy description he had flattered himself, and though Turner went down, it was not from effective hitting. Many persons exclaimed, "Now, where's your three to one?"

3. Turner, on setting-to, fought with his opponent manfully, and planted a severe facer under his left eye, and though, at the close of the round, he was again down, his capabilities as a boxer were manifest, and he appeared no ways inferior to Scroggins. He also met with great encouragement from the surrounding spectators.

4. This was a sharp contested round, and both at work in right earnest, and in a close Turner gave his opponent a severe cross-buttock. The concourse of persons was so great, and their eager curiosity not keeping pace with the etiquette usual upon these occasions, pressed forward to the ropes—the outer ring was broken, and all traces of the fight lost sight of, excepting to a few, who, at the hazard of their lives, were in front.

The men continued to fight for several rounds under this disadvantage—when the small ring was broken into, the posts knocked down, and the ropes trod under foot. It was now like a street fight, and the combatants had scarcely a yard of space to exhibit in. Scroggins, notwithstanding being so close to Turner, had by no means the best of him, and it was the general expressed opinion, that had no interruption occurred, Turner would have won. To attempt to describe any of the above rounds with anything like accuracy would be a deviation from the truth; and Mr. Jackson has since declared, it was totally out of his power to give an opinion upon them. Carter, Painter, Dolly Smith, Richmond, &c., exerted themselves with their horsewhips to beat out the ring, but all in vain; and nothing less than a troop of horse or a company of soldiers with charged bayonets could have attempted it with success, and both the men were taken from the ring. Mr. Jackson immediately went round the ring, declaring all the bets to be null and void. At this period not less than thirty thousand persons were present, and the carriages estimated on the spot and along the road at eight thousand. The oldest pugilist does not remember anything to equal such a numerous collection of the Fancy as at the above fight. A suspense of two hours occurred, and thousands of inquiries took place to ascertain how the day was to be finished? During this interregnum of milling, the costermongers wished to clear their carts, but not being able to persuade their customers, who had paid 3s a-piece to see all the sports of the day, to retire from their situations, actually took out their horses, and lifted up their vehicles, after the manner of shooting rubbish. This mode of ousting people occasioned much laughter, and a little extra boxing. At length, Mr. Jackson appeared, when it was understood the contest between Scroggins and Turner must be decided at some future period; but thousands followed the above gentleman to Hillington, near Uxbridge, to see Randall and Dick fight. The men, however, could not be got together, and some hints were given that the magistrates would not permit any fight to take place. In this anxiety and dilemma it was at length agreed on, that Arlington corner, near Hounslow heath, should be the place, and Holt and O'Donnel to be the pugilists who were to exhibit. Thither thousands repaired, across the country, notwithstanding the heavy rain, and at half-past five, in "the pitiless pelting shower," the above boxers entered the ring, to finish the sports of the day.

Turner, in the above conflict, proved himself a much more competent boxer towards obtaining victory than was expected—and Scroggins was also equally deceived. Turner is a very game man, and convinced Scroggins on his coming furiously in, that he is to be stopped. He hit him once so tremendously on the jaw, that the latter held up his head afterwards, and did not go boring-in so furiously as heretofore. They were both fresh on leaving the ring, but neither of them were considered in good condition. Scroggins had a black eye, and one of Turner's peepers was a little out of repair. It is but fair to state, that much difference of opinion existed on the subject, many persons contending that Scroggins was not in the slightest degree punished, and that Turner showed symptoms of weakness on leaving the ring.

Several noblemen were present, and most of the first-rate theatricals. To describe the numerous ludicrous circumstances that occurred among this vast assemblage of people would require a volume. It proved a rare day for the inn-keepers and turnpike-men, and it was impossible to move a step, where the pocket was concerned, without dearly paying for anxious curiosity.

Upon the Monday evening after the fight, every room to the top of Belcher's house was crowded to excess by the Fancy, so anxious were the amateurs to learn the determination come to as regarded the ensuing battle, when the following articles were agreed to:—

"CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN, March 31, 1817.

"John Scroggins engages to fight Edward Turner, 120 guineas to 80, on the 27th of May, ten pounds on each side are deposited, to fight in a 24 feet ring, half-minute time; one half of the remainder of the money to be deposited at Scroggins's on the 15th of April. The whole to be made good on the 20th of May, at Tom Belcher's. The fight to take place not within twenty-five miles from London. To be a fair stand-up fight; Mr. Jackson to name the place of fighting, and to receive the money, till all is made good. The money, upon the first failure of deposit, to be forfeited, and the other half if not made good. To meet in the ring between twelve and one.

"J. SCROGGINS, his ✕ mark.
"E. TURNER."
"Witness, J. W."

In consequence of Ascot races occurring near the appointed time of combat, it was judged expedient by both Scroggins and Turner, in order to accommodate the sporting world, to put off the battle till the 10th of June. But so confident, it appears, were the partisans of Scroggins that victory would again crown his exertions, that no disappointment whatever was felt by the amateurs from his unexpected battle in a room with Fisher, when in a state of complete inebriation; in point of fact, it operated materially in his favor. The manliness he displayed in this sort of casual turn-up, though formed into a regular battle with Fisher, quite a fresh 12 stone young man, before Mr. Jackson, induced a great portion of the sporting world to bet 3 to 1 without the least hesitation.

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SECOND GRAND PUGILISTIC MATCH BETWEEN SCROGGINS AND TURNER.

Notwithstanding the great secrecy that was observed in keeping the place unknown, the magistartes of Essex got hint enough not to permit Matching-Green to be the spot, as fixed upon, for this grand trial of skill to be decided. The attraction in the sporting circles was so great, that vehicles of all descriptions were on the road the whole of Monday night,---and as soon as the day-light began to peep on Tuesday morning, the 10th of June, the amateurs were all in motion. Upon their arrival at Harlow, the interruption was found out--and, after a short deliberation, it was decided, that the battle should take place in the adjoining county, Hertfordshire, in a paddock, contiguous to Sawbridgeworth. Thither the cavalcade posted without delay, and the inhabitants of the above village were not a little alarmed at this sudden visit from horsemen galloping, the rattling of post-chaises, barouches, tilburys, carts, &c. &c. till the important cause was learned. It was a profound secret here, notwithstanding Turner slept at Mr. Parsons, the White Lion Inn, Sawbridgeworth, the preceding evening. He arrived from New Town, in Wales, where he had been in training under the care of his uncle, Mr. Turner, and reached Barnet, on Friday evening, *incog*. He scarcely saw five persons before he entered the ring, being under the immediate care of his brother, Mr. Baxter. He was in much better condition than when he stripped at Hayes; but it is certain he still might have been brought to a finer pitch. He weighed 10 stone 5lb. On meeting with his opponent, Scroggins, he shook hands with him in the most friendly manner. The stakes were £120 on the part of Scroggins, against Turner's £80. At half-past twelve Turner appeared in the 24 feet roped ring, and threw up his hat. Scroggins soon followed his example. Tom Owen and Jacobs were the seconds of Turner; and Harmer and Clark attended upon Scroggins. Owen tied the yellow color of his man upon the post, and Harmer covered it with the true blue belonging to Scroggins. It is curious to remark, that the above blue handkerchief belonged to the former, and he had won all his seven battles in it; but now he sported a new one round him. The ring was unusually respectable and select—not being above one foot deep, few, if any, pedestrians being able to go the distance of thirty miles in time. One o'clock having arrived, the parties shook hands, and the battle commenced. Two to 1 on Scroggins.

First round. Two minutes elasped in sparring and dodging each other round the ring, both anxious to obtain the first advantage. The firm and erect attitude of Turner, who appeared armed at all points, seemed to puzzle Scroggins so much, that he was at a loss how to commence the attack with any degree of certainty; and that formidable conspicuous resolution of going in furiously, which gave him the lead in the commencement of all his other fights, in the present instance had visibly abated. Scroggins, at length, neck or nothing, made a sort of rush in, and after a short scuffling close, Turner went down from a slight hit on the side of his head. Loud shouting, and 3 to 1 on Scroggins.

2. The little hero seemed pleased with his success, and was going in with much gaiety to reduce the confidence of Turner, when the latter put in a sharp teazer on Scroggins's mug, with his right hand, that rather stopped his career, and, in the course of the round, also planted another desperate facer, and added a severe hit on the ribs. In closing, the strength of Scroggy prevailed, and Turner was undermost. Bravo, Turner.

3. Scroggins seemed, in this early stage of the fight, to anticipate that he had got a very ugly customer before him, and, though not absolutely frightened, he appeared unusually cautious. Several good hits passed between them, but, in closing, Turner was again undermost.

4. Turner was not long before he planted a desperate hit on the throat of his opponent, that gave him a sort of hiccup. Scroggins endeavored to make some rushing hits, but he lost his distance, and no execution was done. In closing both went down, but Turner was undermost, who experienced a cross-buttock.

5. This round was well contested, and Scroggins, quite determined, endeavored to get the best; but Turner milled his nob sharply, and the claret was seen trickling down his face. In closing, Turner was again undermost. At this instant a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry made their appearance, galloping down the lane towards the scene of action, creating some alarm that the fight would again be interrupted; but, on being interrogated as to that point, it appeared they were admirers of true native courage, and only anxious to witness the mill between the above distinguished combatants.

6. This was a short round. Scroggins missed a desperately aimed blow at Turner's body; but he, nevertheless, rushed in, and hit Turner down. The friends of Scroggins, rather plucked up a bit---thought this turn looked well, and gave the little hero great applause.

7. Scroggins came bleeding up to the scrateh, and a good milling round occurred between them. Several sharp blows were exchanged; but, in closing, Turner was undermost. Great shouting on both sides.

8. The little tar, without ceremony, rushed headlong in, and scuffled with his antagonist, till both went down; but Turner was thrown out of the ropes. "Well done, Scroggins; he'll tire out Turner," was the cry!

9. On setting-to, Turner put in a tremendous facer with his right hand, and got away with much dexterity. Scroggins endeavored to return, but lost his distance, and Turner again nobbed him. The former appeared confused, and dropped his hands, but at length rushed in, and, in closing, Turner was undermost.

10. This was a sharp round altogether, but the coolness of Turner was manifest, and he hit with much judgment. He was perfectly aware of his opponent's mode of fighting, and was prepared always to give him a warm reception. In closing, Turner was undermost.

11. Scroggins commenced this round with considerable caution, and a minute nearly occurred before a blow was struck. Turner's left hand claimed an acquaintance with Scroggy's cheek; but Scroggins in return endeavored to plant a hit at Turner's middle piece, that, had it proved successful, might have materially changed the face of the battle. He nevertheless, in closing, again sent Turner over the ropes.

12. This was a most tremendous round; and the combatants rallied in grand style. In closing, Turner fibbed his man terribly, and, for the first time, the little hero was undermost. The applause was great indeed. Turner will beat him, was the general observation; the odds had now changed, and the backers of Scroggins looked rather blue.

13. From the severe fibbing Scroggins had received upon setting-to, he hastily retreated, and loud hissing occurred from all parts of the ring. But he soon recovered from this sort of panic, and it was as sharp a round as any in the fight. Turner gave his opponent a hit that sent him quite round; but Scroggins again opposed Turner with the most determined spirit, and followed him, till, in closing, both went down. Loud applause, and Turner was now evidently the favorite.

14. Turner immediately planted a facer on setting-to. Applause. Scroggins also made a hit, and Turner went down from it, as if he had slipped.

15. Smashing hits on both sides, but many of them were out of distance. Scroggins was again fibbed, but he stopped this sort of punishment, by holding the hands of Turner, and he also obtained the throw and Turner was undermost.

16. On setting-to Scroggins got back, and Turner put down his hands, convincing his opponent he had leisure enough to wait for him. Turner, at length, planted a desperate ribber; and Scroggins furiously bored in, and, in closing, the latter again obtained his usual advantage.

17. This was a curious round. Scroggins, on receiving a hit, turned round, but again furiously renewed the combat. Turner, in closing, had the advantage materially in fibbing his opponent, yet Scroggins brought him down undermost.

18. Turner with much coolness nobbed Scroggins and got away. The latter seemed quite at fault—he was at sea without a rudder—no sight of land appeared in view—and desperation seemed his only resource. Scroggy rushed in again on the bull-dog system, and ultimately succeeded in getting Turner undermost. During this round, Clark, who was bottle-holder to Scroggins, fell down in a fit; but it did not interrupt the fight; he was instantly taken away, and proper means used for his recovery, when Painter instantly supplied his place.

19. Scroggins made a good body hit, and smashed away with much spirit. He was manfully opposed by Turner, but he went down, and almost a second had elapsed when Scroggy fell with all his weight upon him. Some marks of disapprobation; but it might have been the effect of accident. Betting now was on the turn.

20. Turner, with considerable ease, planted a right-handed hit on the already chanceried nob of Scroggins, and got away; but the latter, wishing to revenge this attack, rushed in with uncommon ardor to make a change, if possible, and from his endeavours to put in some tremendous blows, he received a slight hit that caused him to fail, and slip out of the ring. Great applause.

21. Some heavy hits were dealt out on both sides, and Turner, in particular, received one so severely on the right side of his nob, that, for a second, it was almost upon his shoulder. In closing, both down.

22. This was positively the best round in the fight; and the blows were heard all round the ring. A desperate rally occurred, and the men broke away; but Scroggins, not satisfied that he had done enough, endeavored to go in head-foremost, to take the fight out of his opponent. Turner, prepared for his impetuosity, hit upwards, as he was coming in, upon his throat, that not only stopped his fury, but almost choked him. In closing, both down, Turner undermost. Scroggins, on his second's knee, hemmed for wind, and he also discharged a considerable quantity of the crimson fluid from his mouth.

23. Scroggins rushed in, and both down.

24. Thing had now materially changed, and 5 and 6 to 1 was freely offered on Turner. On Scroggins reaching the scratch, his knees trembled under him, and he appeared like a man intoxcated. He endeavored to plant a hit, and fell. Loud disapprobation.

25. Turner gave him a left-handed facer, and also a severe ribber with his right. Scroggins was quite abroad, he could make no hit with any degree of certainty, and once more resorted to boring in, till both went down. The combatants were close together while sitting on the knees of their seconds, when Turner laid hold of his opponent's hand, and gave it a friendly shake. Well done, Turner, was loudly vociferated; and the long faces to be witnessed all round the ring were of the most mournful aspect. All betters and no takers.

26. On setting-to, Turner planted a dreadful facer, and soon after hit Scroggins clean down. Seven to one was offered. Brandy was now called for to renovate the little hero, but it was of no avail. The applause was loud indeed.

27. The spectators were completely astonished, and the backers of Scroggins more than alarmed. On coming to the scratch, after a slight hit from Turner, Scroggins turned round and retreated till he got to a corner of the ring. Turner stood still, pointing his finger at him, and beckoning him to come up and fight; but it would not do. Turner was compelled to follow Scroggins, when they closed; severe fibbing was again dealt out to him, till both went down.

28. Turner left the knee of his second in the most lively manner; but Scroggins seemed to come very reluctantly to the point of war. Scroggins threw away his blows, and he received some dreadful up-hits in his throat and mug, that electrified him. Eight to one; but this once great favorite had lost all his attraction, and defeat was fast coming upon him.

29. Scroggins was brought to the mark, and he had scarcely lifted up his hands, when he was hit down. Loud applause, and 10 to 1 offered freely.

30. The nob of Scroggins now appeared much damaged, and his ribs exhibited a token of severe punishment. But, though the little hero was prevented from doing any mischief, he, nevertheless, contended for the throw, and obtained it.

31. The superiority of Turner astonished all present. He made a successful hit, with his right hand, on the face of Scroggins, and instantly made another good one upon his ribs. The little hero turned round in a state of confusion, and was sent down. Great applause, and 5 to 3 offered that he did not fight three more rounds.

32. Scroggins had been literally stupid for the last half hour from the heavy blows he had received on his head, and in not being able to stop the up-hits of Turner. At out-fighting, in this round, he was much punished and also severely fibbed, till Turner dropped him. Well done, Turner.

33 and last. It was all up with this milling cove, who had made so much noise in the fighting circles for the last three years. He was pronounced to be almost invulnerable, and he had flattered himself into the same sort of belief. In the last ten rounds, in point of fighting, he had no chance whatever; but nevertheless he fought with much bravery. Scroggins endeavored to do something in this round, put in some hits, but turned away from his opponent from the severity of punishment, and fell. On being placed upon his second's knee, he gave it in. Upon Harry Harmer hoisting up the handkerchief as a token of defeat, it is impossible to describe the appearance of the ring—it operated on the feelings of his backers like a clap of thunder. They seemed lost in reveries, till giving vent te their surprise, exclaimed—"What, Scroggins given in? Impossible!" The battle lasted one hour and twelve minutes. He was carried out of the ring, and put into a post-chaise. It might be deemed almost a bloodless fight, scarcely any being spilled, except on the part of Scroggins.

Thus was this little "Napoleon of the ring," at length defeated, but not disgraced; and, like other mighty fighting heroes, has also been taught what it is to drink of the bitter cup of disappointment. He is now blamed for his confidence and temerity by those very admirers who supported him on the above qualifications; but it may be asked, what is a hero without feeling confident of victory? Scroggins entered the ring under these feelings, and he endeavored to come out a conqueror. He did all that a man could do—and the hero, who defeated in succession, Boots, Dolly Smith, Nosworthy, Eales, Whittaker, Church, and Fisher, ought not to be forgotten, in an honorable defeat with a superior man. Scroggins was never considered anything of a boxer, in a scientific point of view; and this day he completely proved the truth of the assertion. The judgment and science were most completely on the side of Turner—he never struggled to lose his strength in throwing, but went down with scarcely any opposition. He also never hit first, but when the opportunity was undeniable; and his guard was so firm and protecting, that Scroggins could never get at him without being exposed to great danger. His coolness was equally admirable; and, in opposition to Scroggins, he made the ferocity of the latter subservient to his skill. The desperation of Scroggins, which had so terrified his opponents hitherto, was now reduced to confusion; and the ease with which he was conquered, astonished the most knowing amateurs, and many of them have paid dearly for their confidence. At best, he was only a resolutely smashing fighter; and all his opponents, except Turner, could not get away from his severe punishment. He lost by outfighting with Turner, and was worse off from going in. Scroggins is, nevertheless, an astonishing man; and, it is presumed, there are but very few men of his weight that would stand any sort of chance with him. In the fight at Hayes, Turner has since acknowledged, he received so violent a blow from Scroggins that he could not for a month afterwards open his mouth without considerable pain.

Turner was so fresh, that he was able to fight another battle, and walked round the ring during the second fight. He drove himself to London, and appeared so little hurt from his conflict, that he returned to town with all the gaiety of a spectator. The house kept by Scroggins, in Westminster, was surrounded by hundreds of people waiting for the intelligence; and so much confidence were the crowd inspired with, in behalf of the little hero, that his defeat was not believed till he arrived at home, about one in the morning. Mr. Jackson, with great difficulty, we understand, collected only seven pounds on the ground for Scroggins!

The backers of Turner met on the Friday evening following, at Belcher's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, and presented him with the whole of the stakes, amounting to £120, as a reward for his courage. Turner paid his fallen opponent a friendly visit the preceding evening, when Scroggins wished to retrieve his lost laurels in a contest for £100 aside. Turner, who had no wish to fight again, but merely as a matter of accommodation, said, he could not meet him for less than £200 aside. Scroggins attributed his defeat to a chance blow on the throat, accompanied with getting one of his feet into a small hole in the ground, which threw him off his balance, and it was at this precise instant, that he received the above tremendous hit, which deprived him of his wind throughout the conflict.

PUGILISTIC HONORS CONFERRED ON TURNER IN WALES.—Ned, it seems, upon his return to New Town, a short time after the above conquest, where he had recently been in training, and which is the birth-place of his parents and the whole of his relatives, was hailed with all the respect due to a hero in a more important cause. The companions of his youth, and the admirers of pugilism among the Ancient Britons, caused a congratulatory peal to be rung upon the bells, in honor of his victory. A feast was held at the first inn in the place, and two roasted fat sheep, with gilded horns, were served up with other *et ceteras*, including great plenty of game. The evening was conducted with the utmost conviviality, and the Welsh bards who were mustered upon this occasion composed and sung some extempore verses in praise of the brave and the exploits of the ring. Milling was also toasted by the lads of the Fancy, till all was blue!

Upon the return of Turner to London, the stakes were made good, and Scroggins, it seems, so much fancied this third trial of skill, for 300 guineas, that, in order to train correctly, he relinquished his character as a publican, and disposed of his house; but the opinion of the sporting world had completely changed, and 7 to 4 was the current betting upon Turner. The spell of Scroggins "invincibility" was now broken, and the great interest this little hero once sustained in the milling circles was materially injured from his recent defeat with Turner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Written for the Clipper.

COLONEL JAMES BOWIE.

The following anecdote of the world-renowned duelist, Col. James Bowie, may be new to many of your readers. The reader may count upon its being true in every particular.

Some time since, as I was traveling through the north-eastern part of the State of Illinois, near the "Licks," (on business connected with a Magazine office in this city,) I made the acquaintance of a trapper by the name of James Taylor. He was a short thick set man, about eighty or eighty-five years of age. Notwithstanding his years he had a good strong voice, a fine set of teeth, and was as active as a cat. He was a good shot with the rifle, expert in the use of the Bowie knife, and a good hand at gouging (gouging means putting a fellow's eyes out in a rough and tumble fight). He was likewise swift of foot, and would sometimes follow a deer or a bear for weeks. From him, I had the following adventure. It took place in the city of New Orleans, some twenty years ago.

"In the year 1835," he began, "I was traveling in the South. Business took me to New Orleans, and kept me there several days. One evening, having nothing to do, and wishing to amuse myself, I arose from my chair for the purpose of taking a walk: visit the theatres I would not, because I was tired of seeing the same pieces over and over again. On leaving the hotel—or *cafe*, as the Frenchified dandies called it—I strolled towards the centre of the city. Feeling somewhat thirsty, I determined to enter one of the hotels, and 'liquor.' A five minutes' walk, brought me opposite a large handsome hotel. Through the windows I saw a large and inviting array of bottles behind the bar. The door being open, I entered the hotel, and ascended the stairs to the travelers' room. A waiter stood at the door.

"'Bring me a glass of lemonade with plenty of ice in it,' said I, as I entered the room, and threw myself into a chair. When this was done, I proceeded to take a 'look' around the room. It contained but one person besides myself. He was seated at a table with his feet resting in a chair; beside him stood a lamp and a pile of newspapers; he held one of the latter in his hands, and appeared to be reading it, although his lips did not move in the least. After a few moments had passed, he threw down the paper, and proceeded to pick out another from the file before him. At this moment I obtained a glimpse of his features. His forehead was high and noble; his lips thin; but his eyes—how can I describe them? they were of a preternatural brightness, and of a delicate bluish shade. His face wore a pleasant smile, that appeared to belong to it. A black silk handkerchief was tied around his neck, and in the centre of his snow-white bedewed shirt was a single star. Beside him, and on the table, lay a Panama hat with a wide brim—somehow or other I felt myself drawn towards him. I felt as though we had been acquainted for a long time—I felt as though he were my friend—I felt as though he were my superior, and I watched him in silence.

"In consequence of my being in a shadowy, or dark part of the room, he did not see me. The lamp by his side was the only one in the room. While I was trying to guess who he was, the waiter entered.

"'Here's your lemonade,' he said, as he laid a large glass of lemonade on the table.

"'And here's your money,' said I, handing him a picayune, and moving behind a screen.

"At this moment the stranger raised his head; on seeing the waiter, he said in a clear tone:

"'Bring me a bottle of your best wine—tell your master that it is for me.'

"The servant (a negro) bowed, and left the room.

"In a few minutes he returned, bearing in his hand a bottle covered with cobwebs and dust, a tumbler, and a small brush. Placing the tumbler carefully on the table, he seized the bottle by the neck, and moving a little distance from the table, he proceeded to brush off the cobwebs and dust. When this was done, he drew a towel from his pocket, and wiped the bottle carefully, so that not a speck of dust remained. When this was over, he drew a knife and scraped away the sealing wax, and then with a corkscrew he drew out the cork and laid the bottle on the table.

"'Ready,' said he, in a low, respectful tone.

"'What? ah! the wine,' said the stranger, raising his head. Thrusting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, he drew out a bill, and throwing it on the table, said: 'Never mind the change.'

"The servant smiled, bowed, and left the room.

"The stranger poured out a glass of wine. Just as he raised it to his lips, a tall, pleasant looking man, whose features bore signs of fear, rushed into the room.

"'Well,' said the stranger, laying his glass on the table, 'what is it?'

"'Price, and three others, are below: they seek your life!' said the landlord, hurriedly.

"'Do they?' said the other, in a pleasant voice, that had a strange meaning in it. 'Well, let them come and take it!'

"'But look,' said the landlord, throwing open a window, 'you can escape: leap down on this shed, and from thence to the street.'

"'Escape!' repeated the other, in a scornful tone, and without rising from his seat, 'Escape! I escape---I retreat from four men! What would my friends say of me? What would they think of me? They would call me a coward! Let Price come on if he will---I am prepared for him.'

"'But —' began the landlord.

"'No buts,' said the other. 'Tell Price that I am here, able and willing to give him a taste of one of the knives which bears my name. Tell him that I am alone. Light up the room.'

"The landlord obeyed.

"'Now,' said the stranger, throwing off his coat, vest and cravat, and rolling up his shirt sleeves, 'tell Price that I am here; but first remove that table. When I fight, all I want is a clear field—away!'

"As it may be expected, I watched him with astonishment not unmingled with admiration.

"Scarcely had the landlord left the room, when the stranger placed himself in a corner of the room, and with a cold sarcastic smile, awaited the appearance of his enemies. As yet I saw no weapons.

"Suddenly a loud tramping was heard like men rushing up the stairs. The door was flung open, and four men entered the room. One of them, a tall stout man, who appeared to be the leader, cried out:

"'Shut the door---lock it---we have him, at last!'

"The order was instantly obeyed. The stranger eyed them with a smile, half of contempt, half with pleasure. Suddenly his features assumed a look such as I have never seen before, his eyes flashed, and he clenched his teeth together: he looked like one prepared to meet his enemies, and death also.

"'Well, James Bowie,' cried the leader, drawing a broad, heavy knife from his belt; 'we have you at last!'

"'Perhaps so,' said Bowie, placing his hand behind his neck, and drawing forth a long glittering knife. Coolly he drew his fingers over the edge, and then touched his cheek with the point. He then gave another turn to his shirt sleeves, and cried in a loud, clear voice, 'come on---I'm ready!'

"Saying this, he grasped the handle of the knife with his right hand, and held it high above his head.

"My informant, who was a true Western man, could not for a moment entertain the idea of seeing one man contend against four. Drawing his knife, he sprang to Bowie's side.

"'Four to one ain't fair---neither is two to one,' said he, placing his knife between his teeth, and throwing off his coat and vest, 'come on---I'll stick to you, Bowie!'

"'Stranger,' said Bowie, in an easy, familiar tone, 'just step one side; I can manage these men without your aid. If I fail, avenge me.'

"'At him, men!' shouted Price, springing forward, and raising his knife. Just as he was about to give the blow, Bowie dashed the weapon from his hand, and at the same instant he plunged his knife into his body; then, seizing him by the neck, he repeated the blow three times.

"'I always finish my work,' said he, as the body fell to the floor.

"'At him!' said one of the men, rushing forward.

"Bowie planted his foot on Price's body, and again seized his terrible weapon. It fell with stunning force on the other's head, and he fell to the ground a corpse.

"For a moment the remaining two appeared paralyzed, but Bowie did not give them time to think; on the contrary, he rushed at them. They attempted to defend themselves, but in vain. What could they do against the practiced arm of Bowie? Ere a moment passed, they both fell on the floor, and at the same instant the landlord entered.

"'Remove these bodies,' said Bowie. The other instantly obeyed.

"'Sit you there, stranger,' said Bowie. 'and help me to empty this and another bottle.'

"For an hour," continued my informant, "we conversed together. A better informed man I never met with before or since. At length, I happened to say something about 'Texas.' On hearing that single word, Bowie's eyes flashed with unusual brilliancy.

"'Texas!' said he, 'I love it---I adore it! The Lone Star needs my aid, and she shall have it. To-morrow I leave this place for Tampa Bay.'"

But reader, I need go no further. You have read---you have heard of the "Alamo." 'Twas there that Bowie fell. At the time the Mexicans entered, he was lying sick on the bed. On hearing them enter, he raised himself on his elbow, and fired his pistols at them with fatal effect. The cowardly Mexicans dared not draw near the bed. They fired at him from the door. Bowie fell back, and thrusting his hand beneath the pillow, he drew forth one of those weapons which bear his name. Thinking him dead, the Mexicans drew near for the purpose of gazing on the man whose very name had filled them with terror. Bowie made a slight movement. One of the Mexicans observed it, and raised his musket for the purpose of dashing out his brains. Bowie sprang from the bed, and plunging his knife into the Mexican's body, he shouted the single word, "Texas!" and fell dead across the body.

Texas! why do you not erect a monument to his memory? Why do you not erect a monument not only to him but to those other brave men that fell with him, "Col. Crockett" and "Col. Travis?" Let their ashes mingle together. Let their epitaph be the "Alamo," and then---only then will you have performed your duty.

A. JACKSON DORELAND.

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MR. FARR, the well known boxing glove maker to the pugilistiet world in general, died on Friday morning, at an early hour. Poor Farr was always too ready to trust his customers who favored him with orders, but in certain cases he did not find them quite so ready to cash up as they had been to favor him with their patronage. Consequently he made a number of bad debts, and his widow is left in a destitute state.—*English paper.*

Late English Sporting News.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

[*From Bell's Life in London, March 12.*]

APRIL 4.—Jesse Hatton and Dick Ellis, £10 aside, London.

APRIL 4.—Owen Lee and Smith's Novice, £10 aside, London.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham--£100 a side, London.

MAY 2.—Cook of Bayswater and Nick Hannigan, £25 aside, London.

MAY 2.—Baker and Norton, £15 aside, London.

MAY 10.—Crockett and Collins—£25 aside, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

Pedestrianism.

JACKSON AND PUDNEY.—W. Jackson (the American Deer) and James Pudney, of Mile End, London, have staked the whole of their money, £25 aside, for their 10 miles race, which has been received by Mr. Crowther, of the Globe Inn, Halifax, and the match is to come off to-morrow (Monday), at Westhill Park, Halifax. Pudney will, however, have to stake £10 against Jackson's belt, which must be done before twelve o'clock. Pudney has been in Halifax training for the last six weeks. Both men are said to be in excellent condition, and equally sanguine of success. The race is to come off at four o'clock.

Doings at Hyde Park, Sheffield.

On Monday last between 5,000 and 6,000 spectators assembled to witness the 10 mile race for the Champion's Belt, value £50, given by Mrs. Heathcote, the proprietress, and money prizes amounting to £21. The following celebrated men contended, viz :—James Pudney of London, John Levitt of Sheffield, John Syddall of Pendlebury, Martin of Maidstone, Hosspool of Bassford, and Joseph Fiddler of Sheffield ; Richard Manks (the Warwickshire Antelope) also entered, but did not put in an appearance. The betting was even on Pudney and Syddall against the field, 6 to 4 against Levitt, 10 to 1 against the others, with no takers. At length, all being in readiness, the competitors toed the scratch, and immediately got off, Levitt taking the lead, closely followed by Pudney and Syddall, the others bringing up the rear. Little or no alteration took place until nearly two miles had been gone over, when Hosspool and Fiddler relinquished the contest. The race was now left to Levitt, Pudney, Syddall, and Martin ; the two former led alternately up to the 15th lap, when they overlapped Martin, who now took it leisurely, being sure of the fourth prize, £2. After going two more laps, Syddall gave up, but afterwards started again. The race was now reduced to a match between Levitt and Pudney, the former still continuing to keep the lead, until within about 900 yards from the finish, when Pudney put on the steam, passed Levitt, and was soon 20 yards ahead. Levitt struggled on for about 300 yards further, when he gave up the contest for the belt ; he, however, went steadily on, and ran in second, Pudney being about half a lap ahead, Syddall being third, and Martin fourth. We saw Levitt's right shoe at the finish, and his foot came half through it, to which many attribute his defeat, as he stated that he felt the shoe give way in the 16th round. Levitt has sent £5 to run Pudney 10 miles, for £50 aside and the belt, on Whit Monday.

Remarkable Pedestrian Feat.

The Brighton Gazette contains the following paragraph, which we give without comment :—"A young man, named William Gale, who undertook to walk—in the Brunswick Cricket Ground, at Hove—1,400 miles in 1,400 half hours, completed his task on Sunday last. Many persons have doubted whether he continued to walk during the night ; but Mr. Knight, the lessee of the ground, declares that it was a *bona fide* match, and that Gale could be backed to do the same distance again for any sum, commencing the mile, moreover, at the commencement of each half-hour so that he could not get, under any circumstances, more than 20 minutes' rest at a time. During the present match, Gale was more punished in the first week than at any subsequent period ; but, towards the close, he awoke very easily when called, and was always ready to resume his task. His diet comprised mutton-chops and beef steaks, with plenty of boiled eggs, and tea, and toast. He drank, occasionally, a little weak brandy-and-water, or a little sherry, but no beer. A great number of persons assembled to see him finish the match. On the following day he took a benefit, when he walked 10 miles in 1h 22min, and would have gone on for another 10 miles, but the spectators said there was no necessity for it. He then ran a mile in a very short space of time. He is a short, slightly-built young man, and was born April 21, 1832. On the 17th of October, at Preston, he eclipsed everything he had previously done, by finishing his feat of walking 2,000 miles in 2,000 half-hours, for which task he was honored, by the mayor, with a present of a magnificent gold watch, with a suitable inscription."

The Ring.

HAYES AND JOHNNY WALKER.—Another deposit of $10 aside for this match was made good at Jemmy Welsh's, the George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market, on Wednesday last. The next, of $10 aside, is to be made at Mr. Watkins's, Olive Branch, Earl-street, Lissongrove, on Wednesday week.

DONNELLY AND JONES.—On Tuesday last Ned Donnelly and Jack Jones staked £5 aside in the hands of Jem Burn, for a match for £100 aside, to come off in twelve weeks. They meet on Tuesday next at Jem Burn's, Rising sun, Air-street, to draw articles, and stake a further deposit. Jem Burn, if able, is to act as referee.

GILL AND M'NULTY.—These men have forwarded an additional fiver each to the stakeholder. They are to send a similar stake next week. Both are now going into active training. M'Nulty, who is now staying at Nat Langham's, Cambrian Stores, goes to his training quarters next week.

ALF WALKER AND SPIDER.---These youths made another deposit, of £10 aside, on Tuesday last, at Mr. Wallace's, Blue Anchor, Bunhill-row. The next is to be made at Harry Brunton's, Bell, Red Lion Market, on Tuesday next.

Sparring.

BOXING WITH THE FEET.--*Saville House, Leicester-square.*---On Wednesday evening the large room at this establishment was crowded by parties anxious to witness the contest between Mons. Henry, the celebrated wrestler and savat player from Paris, and Fred. Dickenson--French savat versus English boxing. Dickinson's place, however, was taken by Nat Langham, which caused greater interest to be felt. At the commencement it was evident Nat was a good deal bothered by the repeated visits of his adversary's feet to his head and different parts of his body, much amusement being caused by the puzzeld expressions of his countenance, Mons. H. in fact making as much use of his feet as our boxers would of the fist. After a while, through gaining more confidence, Nat got in several good blows, and made it apperant that when better acquainted with this style, he would have none the worst of it. It certainly caused much interest and amusement, and will be repeated on Wednesday evening next, when Mons. H. will also play the savat and wrestle in the French style in addition to the usual performances.

WRESTLING.

The Oldest Sport on Record.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

At twelve o'clock at noon, there were above 10,000 persons in the ring, and the money taken at the doors amounted to more than £1300. The hills around were crowded with spectators, and it may be stated, without exaggeration, that the match took place in the sight of 20,000 individuals. At half past 12, the champions entered the ring, and were loudly cheered by the numerous company. A striking difference between the two men was perceived when they stripped, Polkinhorne being nearly twice as stout as Cann, and 3st. 4lb. heavier. Cann weighs 12st. 7lb. They were, however, nearly of a hight, and, if there was any advantage in tallness, it was on the side of Cann. Polkinhorne played without shoes, but, as kicking forms part of the tactics of a Devonshire wrestler, Cann had a shoe on the right foot. The terms of the wrestle were, that the wager should be decided by the best three back falls, to be determined by four tryers—two Devonshire and two Cornish—the men to catch what hold they could. Betting was considerably in favor of Cann before the set-to.

Round 1. After some manœuvreing for a hold, Cann seized Polkinhorne with a firm grasp by the shoulders, and Polkinhorne seized his antagonist by the elbow, and placed his head on the left side of his (Cann's) breast. They then walked slowly round the ring, Cann keeping off the Cornishman, and occasionally dealing him a kick or two under the right knee, for the purpose of weakening his legs as much as possible. It was, however, now perceived that Polkinhorne was by much the most powerful man of the two, which, indeed, his appearance had from the first promised. Cann, however, displayed considerable muscular power, and proved that the title of champion had not been bestowed on one who could not show play for it. The two men were continually shifting their holds, each endeavoring to obtain his favorite grip. At last, however, after a struggle of four minutes and a half, they both fell together, Cann under, but no fair back.

2. The men again advanced to each other, and each seized hold of his antanist where he could. Cann at first kept hold of Polkinhorne's right arm, but the latter freed himself by a most gigantic effort, flung his arm over Cann's shoulder, and seized him by the jacket half-way down his back. The efforts of the two rivals were now truly fine. The physical power displayed by both was astonishing. Polkinhorne, however, gained an advantageous hold round Cann's body, when the latter, to avoid being thrown, partly disengaged himself and fell on his knees.

3. There was little manœuvreing in this round. Polkinhorne made an impetuous onset, and, having obtained his favorite hold, threw Cann the first *fair back fall*.

4. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, which was the time allowed between the falls, the champions again grappled each other. Polkinhorne showed his superior strength, by frequently putting his antagonist forward, but this "pully-hauly work," as wrestlers call it, demonstrated no superiority of skill. Polkinhorne had once nearly got Cann on the fore-hip, which would have been the prelude of a fair throw, but Cann, by using a favorite crook of the leg, for which he is famous, disengaged himself, though they both continued their hold. They walked round the ring closely grappled together, Cann now and then inflicting a most severe kick on Polkinhorne's leg, which discipline the latter, by frequently flinching, began to show symptoms of not liking. After a round of ten minutes they both fell.

5. This round displayed nothing peculiarly interesting. Both men exhibited the astonishing strength of their hands by freeing themselves from the holds of each other. After a considerable time they mutually separated, without either falling.

6. After considerable exertion on both sides, the men fell together, the Cornishman under.

7 and 8. These rounds were marked by some fine play, and were evidently in favor of Cann, who showed that he possessed the valuable qualification of holding out. Polkinhorne appeared much distressed by the severe kicks which Cann inflicted with his right foot, and repeatedly attempted to close with Cann, in order to settle the matter by main strength, but Cann persevered in keeping him off, evidently with the intention of wearing him out, for the Devonshire hero has the superiority over Polkinhorne in point of wind. Cann continued his kicking system for some time, when the Cornishman, by a desperate effort, closed with him, and got him on the hip. Cann then had recourse to his favorite crook of the leg, and threw Polkinhorne, what was almost universally deemed a back fall, but, to the surprise of everybody present, it was given against Devonshire. A dispute of nearly an hour occupied the two committees.

9, 10, 11, and 12. During these rounds Polkinhorne showed play ; that is, he acted less cautiously, and more on the offensive. Cann continued to kick him most severely, and was evidently getting a better man, while Polkinhorne was losing ground. At last, however, in the 12th round, a desperate struggle took place, and Cann, contrary to the expectations of all present, was thrown another fall, which by some was declared to be fair, and by others not.

REMARKS.

This match was decided by main strength. Cann, as has been before observed, was no match for Polkinhorne in point of size, and, though the Devonshire hero has been beaten, he has gained considerable celebrity by the manner in which he held out ; and there is no doubt but the victory would have been his, had not the dispute about the fall in the 8th round afforded Polkinhorne time to regain his wind, which he had almost entirely lost. Cann is a very modest, unassuming man, and gave in to the decision of the umpires without a dissenting word ; but, when the dispute concerning the fall occurred, Polkinhorne did not show himself very ready to acquiesce in defeat. It was the feeling of the majority of the ring, that Cann was not fairly treated. Let this be as it may, Cann would undoubtedly have thrown twenty men of his own weight, one after the other. The pride of Devonshire has no need to be ashamed of the issue of the match. He is an honor to the West, and, should he again meet Polkinhorne, it is very likely that the palm will not be borne off to the western side of the Tamar. Cann has always been eager for another trial.

The Grand Match between Abraham Cann and Gaffney, was decided on Monday, Sept. 24, 1827, at the Golden Eagle, Mile End Road, Cann betting £60 to £50, three fair back falls out of five. Two to one, and higher odds, were laid upon the ground, and taken by the Patlanders.

The concourse of spectators was immense, amongst whom were great numbers of sporting characters. The crowd at length, became excessive. The roofs of the long line of boxes or sheds, which surround the green, were filled with spectators ; and about two hundred, who could get no better accommodation, climbed the poplars to witness the contest. At four, Cann threw his hat into the ring ; and shortly after, whilst expectation was on the stretch for the appearance of Gaffney, a tremendous crash was heard ; in fact, a large portion of the tiled roofs of the boxes gave way, and precipitated some hundreds of persons to the ground. As soon as it was ascertained that the fallen persons had nothing to bewail but dirty faces, crushed hats, and light bruises, shouts of laughter were uttered at their dismal and frightened appearance. At length the two champions shook hands and grappled, and the attention of the immense crowd was intense. Cann was extremely quick in getting the hold, and his adversary's left hand was over his loose jacket, while his right was more firmly fixed on the waistband. Gaffney, immediately he had got his hold, set to work, and acted as much as possible on the offensive ; whilst Cann remained almost fixed to the earth, his face expressing great caution, and as great confidence, and self-possession. Gaffney kicked very much at the shins of Cann, but they exhibited no signs of punishment, though the sound resounded through the ring ; whilst, after Cann had inflicted a few retorts upon the shins of Gaffney, his worsted stockings were sopped with blood, and his laced shoe of his left foot seemed saturated like that of a slaughterer from the shambles. After a close contest of four minutes and fifty seconds, Cann gave his adversary a fair back fall. This was a beautiful throw, given in the best possible style.

2d. This bout was well contested, and Cann administered some severe punishment to Gaffney's shins. His repeated kicks caused the blood to flow profusely. Gaffney was thrown after a struggle of fifteen minutes ; but the umpires decided that it was not a fair fall.

3d. This was a most interesting bout. Gaffney succeeded in gaining the inner crook, but the superior science of Cann enabled him to avoid a back fall.

4th. This bout lasted nearly twenty minutes, and was well contested, and at length Gaffney was thrown. There was loud cries of "Fair," "Foul," &c., but the umpires, on being appealed to, decided that it was not a fair fall.

5th. This was a short bout, and Gaffney was laid on his back. The match being the best of five back falls, and Gaffney not having thrown Cann as yet, the betting went under considerable alteration, and, to use the phraseology of Josh. Hudson, "It was a horse to a hen."

6th. Gaffney came to the scratch evidently exhausted, and was thrown, but not a fair fall.

7th. Gaffney was thrown a heavy fall, and, on getting up, said his shoulder was put out, and that he resigned the contest. The Devonshiremen then threw up their hats in high glee, and Cann left the ground amidst defening chers.

REMARKS.

As a Wrestler, we have never seen any one like Abraham Cann ; he appears to us to use his legs with the same facility and judgment as Jack Randall exercised his fists in the P. R, This is saying quite enough to place Abraham Conn at the top of the tree amongst Wrestlers.

SECOND DAY.—The match for forty sovereigns commenced on Tuesday evening at the Eagle Tavern, Mile End. Several first-rate players were in attendance, among others, Abraham and James Cann, Copp, Thorne, Chappell, &c. The conditions were, that twenty standard players should be made ; the standards either to throw two men, or to throw one man and hold out ten minutes against two others.

The articles having been read, Parish threw his castor into the ring, and his challenge was immediately accepted by Taylor, a Berkshire man. The bout was altogether devoid of interest, and ended in Taylor being thrown.

Finney, a tall, athletic Irishman, then entered the ring, but Parish although little more than half his size, contrived to hold out.

Finney was then matched against Murray, whom he threw easily.

Parish and Finney.—These two men having thrown one man, and held out another, were again matched ; having only to hold out to make themselves standards, the thing was very quietly arranged between them—they pulled each other about until time was called, without an attempt to throw on either side. Uncle Ben, who had bet upon Parish, said it was a complete humbug.

Euston and Jordan held out.

Middleton and Jordan.—In this bout there was some very excellent play, and it was the first in which the men went to work in any thing like earnest. After manœuvring for a few minutes, Middleton threw his opponent a heavy back fall.

Middleton and Clargoe.—This bout was well-contested, and it was generally considered the former would be unable to stand the severe kicking of Clargoe. They held out until time was called, when it was found Clargoe had sprained his ancle.

Knight and Lyon.—A well contested match, and held out.

James Cann, brother to Abraham Cann, and Knight.—This bout excited considerable interest, James Cann being considered by many persons to be as expert a wrestler as his brother, and Knight is generally considered a good one. There were several bets made on the event. Cann displayed considerable skill, and threw his opponent easily. His success appeared to damp the spirits of the other players, and he continued in the ring six minutes without meeting with an opponent. Hutchins at length tried his luck with him, and was thrown in fine style.

Several other matches were played, and the sport continued until dark, when the following were declared players :—Parish, Finney, James Cann, Easton, and Clark.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

AQUATICS.

BY FLINTS.

How to Measure, "lay down," and Cut a Suit of Sails.

OUR CORNER, Philad., 28th March, '54.

DEAR CLIP.—Though we are not a sail maker, and have never worked at the business, still we have *studied* the subject, and profess to know something about it. If our remarks are erroneous, we trust some practical efficient in the *trade* will correct us.

In draughting the mainsail for a sloop-rigged yacht, first ascertain the hoist, lay out the foot same length, get the rake of the mast, run a line from the mast head to the transom, give the boom a proper *lift*, and tick the line where it crosses the spar. This line, in connexion with the mast, gives us an *angle aft:* the same angle must be obtained forward by the "jib stay." So in ratio as the rake of the mast increases, the said angles do likewise. Hence, the boat will require more *head sail*, and the jib stay lengthen proportionately. Again, as you lengthen the rake of the mast, so must the angles decrease the *same* fore and aft. The boat's keel, in this case, should drop immediately 'baft the mast, that being the only proper place for it. We shall proceed accordingly. Some scientific men upon the subject have laid down the following rules for *balancing* the sails on a sloop boat, viz : That you first ascertain the length of the boom, and the distance from the centre of the well, measuring to the end of the boom, will give you, when reversed forwards, the end of the bowsprit ; from which point, measuring to the mast at the partner, will consequently give you the length of jib on the foot ; in short, from the centre of the well a line extended fore and aft should be the same length. In order to allow for the rake of the mast, you drop a plumb line from the mast head, measuring the rake on deck, increasing your forward sail proportionately. We have tried this plan, and do not hesitate to pronounce it a humbug, theoretically or practically. One plan of the *angle* produced from the mast head, is the only mode by which a fair *balance* of accounts may be arrived at. All other modes are complete guess work. The sail on the head should be but little over one-third the foot, and should always peak up on a line with the luff of the jib. The greatest fault of sail-makers generally is *cutting out* a suit of sails after they are draughted, leaving almost invariably *slack* canvas in the luff, by cutting them rounding or too full on the hoist and leach, to allow, as "they say," for the stretch on the boom. Who but a lubber would ever force a sail out on the foot? A great many sails are spoiled completely in this way, or by the rain shrinking the canvass, which, being secured at the clew and tack, must stretch ; consequently, when the sail dries, it is hauled out on the boom to take up the loose canvas, until the sail is eventually forced *teetotally* out of shape, never failing to produce an ill shaped, hollow leach. We advise our yachting brethren to adopt our mode. For a small boat, insert a shieve in the outer end of the boom ; in a large one, introduce a small tackle, by which you can haul out or slack up the sail on the foot at your leisure. This will effectually prevent all unnecessary stretch. We have often seen a splendid suit of sails ruined the first time they were bent on the spars by forcing them out on the boom, and yet it is the prevailing fault of almost all our yachtmen. The celebrated "Jersey Man" does it, but for what reason he knows not, except it be to take out the slack canvas. If a sail is *cut* right, however, there will be no *slack* in the "dimity," and if there should, the only way to remove it effectually is to hollow out the luff. Nothing will excuse *straining a sail on the foot*. The "Jersey Man," who by the by is the greatest sailing master afloat, and otherwise the most wonderful man of the age, has been known to "come up" the foot stops of a sail, because *it set too flat*, and we have heard him positively declare, a boat will not go to windward if her sails do not "bag" some. What does your New York aquatics say to this sort of "logic?" Our opinion is, the only necessity for a *bag* is for his (the "Jersey man's") head. "Nuff ced, shake."

Yours, truly, FLINTS.

Dan Donnelly.

To the Editor of the Clipper :

DEAR SIR : Reading in your instructive Weekly, an account of the memoirs and battles of that man—famed in his way—Daniel Donnelly, the Irish Champion, I cannot resist the opportunity of furnishing to you in way of addendum, one or two articles, which I call up from memory upon reading your paper.

Should you think they are not wholly unworthy a place, please give them one, and oblige one who knew the deceased Champion, who was a good-hearted and inoffensive specimen of an Irish Champion as the world ever knew. Yours, &c., W. H. D.

Williamsburgh, L. I., 29th March, 1854.

EPITAPH

ON SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.

D an rests beneath ! still hold his memory dear ;
A round his tomb, let fall the pitying tear !
N ow, mingled with his kindred dust he lies,
I n silence sleepeth, never more to rise,
E xcept on that eventful day, when all,
L iving and dead, shall hear the Trumpet's call !

D eath, tyrant death, that fell, relentless foe,
O ur champion levelled by a mortal blow !
N one else in single combat could him harm,
N o human foe resist his mighty arm.
E rin, lament ! bear in record his name,
L ament the man who fought to crown your fame,
L aid prostrate Cooper, Oliver, and Hall,
Y ielding to none but DEATH, who conquers all !

To the above let me add a *fragment* of a poetical effusion, which appeared at the same time, upon the same subject :

"Erin go bragh ! The Patriot King,
Sir Dan, the pride of the boxing ring ;
A master of the milling art,
Of iron hand, but Irish heart,
Who shone 'mongst Britons brave as Bolivar,
And proved a ROLAND for an OLIVER !"

And now, in way of finale, I will give you a specimen of the Champion's wit and nationality combined, in an answer which he made to the Royal Patron of the English Ring, which of itself ought to make poor Dan live in the memory of his countrymen.

After the battle with Oliver, the scion of Royalty said to Donnelly : "Dan, do you consider yourself the best man in Ireland ?" To which the Champion nobly and promptly replied : "No, may it please your Highness ; but I think I am the best man in England !"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APRIL 8, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Harry Lee, Cincinnati.—ALL FOURS.—"In playing a four-handed game of All Fours, and each side being within one of the game, my adversary played a trump, which was trumped by my partner, though not heavy enough, and my adversary's partner also trumped with a small one, when I put on my Jack, and took the trick. My opponents then held up to me the Queen, saying as that was the highest card they were out ; but I told them as I had taken the trick, our side was out. A bet of $20 is pending on your decision."—We have answered many similar questions to the above within the last few months. Your adversary, in not playing his Queen, we suppose, conjectured that you held the King, though it was his play to put on his Queen to ascertain if such was the case. However, his not doing so, does not lose him the game, as the *highest* card out takes the trick. Consequently, your Jack was of no use to you, your adversaries holding a higher card, and thus winning the game. In case of each side being within one of being out, the highest card should be shown, and thus prevent loss of time.

New Beginner.—"1. Right-handed men, when they spar, put their left foot and hand forward. As I am left-handed, should I not reverse this position ? 2. Could I not learn to spar, practising with friends, as well as to be taught, if I practised enough ? 3. Who whipped Ben Caunt and became Champion of England ?" 1. There are but few pugilists who spar in the position you speak of, though if you learn to spar right as well as left-handed, you thereby become possessed of advantages which will be of great service to you in sparring, inasmuch as you can change at your pleasure from left to right, and *vice versa*, thus perplexing your adversary to such an extent as to prevent his being able to meet you at any point, unless well experienced in the science. If you practice with your right foot out, learn to use the left also. 2. You could not become well skilled in the science without a teacher. There are many points in sparring which it would be almost impossible for you to become proficient in without the aid of an instructor. If you intend learning, procure a teacher. 3. Bendigo.

J. H. T., Troy, N. Y.—"1. Is the Tipton Slasher Champion of England ? 2. Is the Champion not bound to accept any challenge sent to him ? 3. Has the Tipton Slasher accepted the challenge sent to him as noticed in your paper a few months since ?" 1. Yes. 2. The Champion of England is not bound to accept *every* challenge sent him. He is not bound to fight for a less sum than £200—neither is he bound to accept any challenge out of the country. 3. See another column for an answer to your last question.

Southwark, Philada.—"If Johnny Walker should win the coming battle between him and Bill Hayes, would he hold the title of Champion of the Light Weights of England, should he return to this country ?" Should Walker win the battle, he would be Champion of Light Weights in England, as long as he maintained the honor against other aspirants ; but should he return to this country his "occupation would be gone," and he who challenged him last would be considered the Champion.

J. Douglass, Utica.—"1. How many battles did Tom Belcher fight in the Prize Ring ? 2. Was he ever beaten ? 3. How many rounds were fought in the battle between Cribb and Nichols ? 4. Did Cribb ever challenge Donnelly ? 5. Have you the Life and Battles of Cribb ?" 1. Tom Belcher fought 12 battles. 2. He was beaten by Bill Ryan, and twice by Dutch Sam. 3. 32 rounds. 4. No. 5. No.

B. G., Nail Factory, Troy.—"With whom did Harry Gribben fight in England, and how often did he win ?" Harry Gribben fought but twice in the regular English Ring—once with Morton, for £10 aside, in which, after fighting 24 ronnds in 30 minutes, Morton was defeated ; and with Brooks, by whom he was defeated.

Meteor, Baltimore.—"In playing Euchre, Whist, or Poker, is the dealer entitled to the last shuffle of the cards, or has his antagonist the privilege of shuffling after him ?" Your antagonist has the right to cut, but not to shuffle the cards after you. Send the items.

X. Y. Z.—1. The population of New York City is about 100,000 greater than that of the city of Philadelphia. 2. There are are several thousand more houses in Philadelphia than in New York.

A Subscriber.—"Please inform me the quickest time ever made by one horse in a single mile." As far as we have been able to ascertain, we believe "Eclipse" made a mile in a little over a minute.

Quinn.—"Can you inform an old subscriber if the fight between Murphy and Moore of Dublin, has come off yet ?" The account you saw was correct. A full report of the battle was not published in the London papers.

Salt.—The Br. steamship made the passage to Australia from Liverpool in 65½ days. Her greatest run in 24 hours was 318 knots. The entire distance run was 13,936 miles.

Old Top, Philada.—The firemen of New York have not the same facilities as those of Philadelphia, or there would be but few large fires. They have too many *bosses*.

Wm. C. C.—1. Both men are actively engaged in training. 2. It is hardly proper for you to ask us to name the place of training, considering all things. Do you take ?

A Constant Reader, Newark.—You can obtain the work you inquire for at Wilmer & Smith's, at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets. The price, $1.

Corker, Philada.—We believe Mr. Sullivan was never engaged in a prize fight or sparring match with the person you refer to.

J. B. B.—Alfred Woodham, of No. 160 Fulton street, can fit you out in the shooting line.

The Contemplated Brutal Prize Fight

BETWEEN

FRANK CUTTING AND HARRY BRECKENRIDGE.

THE AUTHORITIES ON THE LOOK-OUT.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BATTLE.

THE SHOULDER-HITTERS ALL ASTRAY.

THE SPOT—THE JOURNEY THERE.

CHASE BY THE POLICE.

ESCAPE OF THE FUGITIVES.

NEITHER MAN ANXIOUS TO FIGHT—FORFEIT ON BOTH SIDES.

GRAND RECONCILIATION.

In our last we promised to give a report of the contemplated Prize Fight between Frank Cutting and Harry Breckenridge, should a hostile meeting take place. We now resume the thread of the discourse commenced last week. As Frank had intimated that Harry was a *skulk*, and as Harry had publicaly said that Frank *lied*, Frank immediatly challenged Harry, which the latter as quickly accepted, and the parties immediately went into active training for the fight. Jem Monroe and Billy Shields were charged with bringing Frank to the ring in good condition, while the like offices for Harry were assigned to Johnny Preston and Dick Hawkins, all well-known characters in the sporting circles of Washington. The seconds of the men tossed for choice of ground, which was won by Harry, who chose Bladensburgh—had Frank won the toss he would no doubt have chosen "Boston Corners." The day appointed for the battle was Wednesday, 29th March, and all hands were in hopes of witnissing a gallant mill between the two famous "shoulder-hitters" of Washington.

Things had thus far progressed very satisfactorily—the men had been well cared for by their backers, and became obedient in regard to their diet, in order to bring them down to about 10 stone weight. It is supposed that each man since the challenge was given and received, up to the day of meeting, lost *about 25lbs of flesh*. This is not strange, considering *all* things.

While matters were approaching a crisis, a party of the "Chippewas," M. P.'s, of Washington City, were laying their plans to frustrate the intended prize fight, and, if possible, capture the whole party of shoulder-hitters, principals, backers, seconds, bottle-holders and all. In fact, the Sullivan and Hyer affair was to be acted over again. Breckenridge had been silly enough to state in a bar-room that the fight would take place at Bladensburgh, not supposing, *of course*, that the "Chippewas" would know anything about it. The M. P.'s however, were wide awake *this time*, and had their eyes open tight, and *ears* too. An expedition was fitted out consisting of fourteen "Chippewas," who proceeded to the "bloody ground" of Bladensburgh on Tuesday, with the intention of passing the night in the swamp, and securing the pugilists when they should make their appearance on Wednesday, the "eventful day." We will leave these "Chippewas" munching their "bread and cheese" in the swamps of Bladensburgh, while we take a look at another party of M. P.'s who were "dogging" the steps of our "heroes." This party divided, one section taking a circuit of the "bar-rooms" of Washington, while the other scoured the "eating saloons." Had this latter party been a few moments earlier, they would have bagged the game, but, as it was, the birds had flown. They continued their search, however, among the eating and drinking houses, where we will leave them.

Let us take a look at the progress of the fugitives. Shortly after reaching their training quarters, they became aware that they were objects of suspicion, and that the "dogs of war were let loose" upon them. The inhabitants around were horror struck at the prospect of a brutal prize fight taking place among them, and the country constable was put upon their track to worry and annoy the pugilists, until they were compelled to leave. This they did, and returned to Washington on Tuesday night, intending to reach Bladensburgh the next morning. Owing to the treachery of one in the secret, the buildings in which they were stopping were blockaded by the police force of the District, and it was impossible for either man to reach the ground. The "Chippewas," in the meantime, had been well nigh frozen to death in the marshes at Bladensburgh, waiting for the appearance of the "fighters," to nab them. Their "bread and cheese" were exhausted, and death was staring them in the face in various forms, when an express arrived, informing them that the "birds were caged." They were not slow in reaching home.

Seeing no likelihood of meeting, as honorable men, to adjust their differences in a 24 foot ring, the backers of each man determined to draw stakes, and bring about a reconciliation, which, considering the many difficulties they had already encountered, the principals readily responded to on the following terms :

"Cutting, having called Breckenridge a *skulk*, says that he, Breckenride, is *not* a skulk. Thus proving himself, Cutting, a *liar*.

Breckenridge, having called Cutting a *liar*, says he, Breckenridge, is *not* a liar. Thus proving *himself* a *liar*."

Hence, it will be seen that the "gentlemen," by their *mutual concessions*, have placed themselves on the *same footing* as regards *character*, and the community at large will now regard them as having *vindicated their honor* without a resort to the Brutal Prize Ring.

Thus ends an affair which has agitated the whole community, and at one time threatened to deluge the *world* in *blood*. That we have escaped such a dire calamity, we have no one to thank but the *men themselves*. That we may never be called upon to record the particulars of a *similar contest* is our earnest prayer.

The "Chippewas," "Yahoos," M. P.'s, M. C.'s, &c., &c., will please accept our thanks for facilities rendered us in watching the progress of the "Great Prize Fight."

The Liquor Bill.

DEFEAT OF GREELEY AND HIS "CHUMS."

As we predicted in our last, Governor Seymour has vetoed the famous "Liquor Gag," or as it has been more vulgarly called, the "Prohibitory Liquor Law." We do not anticipate a revival of the bill, for we think it is irretrievably "caved in," dead to all intents and purposes. However, it should not be lost sight of by the opponents of the bill, that, like a cat over a dead rat, the teetotallers will continue to worry and annoy, and endeavor to instil new life into the "gag," that they may have another opportunity of killing it over again, for the friends of the bill, in their anxiety to have something "nice" to start with, killed the late bill themselves by putting too much liquor in it, just like spoiling a mince pie by overloading it with bad brandy. Let those who object to all legislation on the subject of temperance keep their eyes on those who went for the bill, and *reward* them accordingly ; the legislative opponents of the odious measure can take care of themselves—the former are shaking, and wish they had never "touched, tasted, or handled" the unclean thing ; it has been the ruin of all their future prospects. Let it be a warning to others, that when they wish to prevent our citizens from swallowing a little liquor, they must not expect them to swallow something still more odious. We are a thinking people—we can discern between right and wrong, and will not suffer ourselves to be bamboozled by a set of men who should have a situation in some lunatic asylum. Poor Greeley ! he is really to be pitied—his feelings must be anything but pleasant, and we sincerely feel for him. Requiescat in the Liquor Bill.

Sale of Tacony.

The celebrated trotting horse Tacony is to be sold at auction to the highest bidder at Philadelphia, on Thursday, 20th inst. Taconey is considered as one of the fastest young trotting horses in the world, stands about 15 hands 2 inches high, and is only 9 years' old.

"Blowing" it up.

Barnum, with his immense experience in "blowing," is endeavoring to *puff* up the Crystal Palace. He filled his fire annihilators so full of gas that they collapsed, and we fear the Crystal Palace, under his direction, will meet the same fate.

Sparring.

The members of the Mystic Circle are waking up in Philadelphia, if we may judge from the letter of "Flints," giving an account of a very fine sparring exhibition which took place in the Quaker City on Friday evening last. Those in that city who wish to see a good display would do well to attend the exhibition to be given on the 13th, as noticed in our correspondent's report.

Yachting.

If any of our yachting friends have a trunk cabin yacht, of from 30 to 36 feet in length, for sale, they may hear of a purchaser by addressing us a line, stating price, where to be seen, &c.

A "Bull" from the Pope's Nuncio.

Monsignor Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, in a letter dated London, February 17, says—

"Behold me safe at last on the *other* side of the ocean."

SPARRING.

This has been a busy season with boxing friends, night after night being taken up with benefits for the different members of the fraternity, and in every instance, we believe, has a very good and satisfactory result followed, every benefit being well attended, and the audiences seemingly well pleased with the exhibitions.

The Sparrer.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTER IN EXISTENCE.

Dedicated to the Mystic Circle.

BY FRANK QUEEN.

Who *setting* to forever *stands*,
Performing *feats of strength* with *hands*
On native soil or foreign lands,
The Sparrer.

Who does not *dig*, but loves to *plant*,
His *hand*, when'er he gets a *grant*,
But *stops*, when thus he finds he can't,
The Sparrer.

Who loves to *fib*, but not to *lie*,
And *takes* whenever he is *dry*,
But in return, *gives*, by-and-by,
The Sparrer.

Who uses no *mechanic's* tool,
Makes *counters* by the mystic *rule*,
And *boxes* his opponents cool,
The Sparrer.

Who, like *Franklin*, *sparks* makes fly,
Like the *lightnings* from the sky,
By uniting *fist* and *eye*,
The Sparrer.

Who like *Humboldt*, greatly learned,
For fresh *conquests* daily yearned,
And *fame* for *art* and *science* earned,
The Sparrer.

Who, like the *Farmer*, never still,
Works day by day, with right good will
And then so cheerily "goes to mill,"
The Sparrer.

Who, like some parents, *pains* will take
When *offers* suit, a *match* to make,
Though *life* itself may be the *stake*,
The Sparrer.

Who, like a *Soldier*, on the *field*,
His *arms well up* as *guard* and *shield*,
And thus would sooner *die* than *yield*,
The Sparrer.

Who, like a *Blacksmith*, *strikes* his blow
With *strength* and *will* until a *glow*
Of *sparks* bursts forth at every "go,"
The Sparrer.

Who, like an *Undertaker*, too,
Measures his *man*, with *cautious* view,
Then *lays him out* as "good as new,"
The Sparrer.

Who, like a *Preacher* on his *knees*,
Oft speaks of things the "boys" to *tease*
Yet thinks it *hardly* "quite the cheese"
The Sparrer.

Who, like an *Actor*, sometimes *cool*,
Can *change* himself from *good* to *cool*,
And thus can *play* the very *Devil*,
The Sparrer.

Who, like *Senators*, loves to *play*,
And oft times *wrangles* all the day,
And wastes his precious *time* away,
The Sparrer.

Who, like a lovely *Maiden* fair,
To make a *match* will quick repair,
But if he's *baulked* will curse and swear,
The Sparrer.

Who, like a *Surgeon* with his steel,
Can *cut* or *bleed* or *old sores heal*,
So that the *pain* they cannot *feel*,
The Sparrer.

Who stands like *Woman*, not afraid,
When *Death* approaches, *sure* and fast,
But *soothes* a comrade's moments last,
The Sparrer.

Pop Grimes' Benefit.

This benefit, according to previous announcement, took place on Wednesday evening last, at Warren Hall. The room is large, and well suited to exhibitions of the kind, and on the occasion in

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mer executed a dance for the company, having for his music a complete orchestra in the person of one of Molineaux's friends, who took his stand upon the stage, and performed a number of airs with a mouth organ, accompanying himself by performing a tattoo with his feet. Everybody was pleased, everything passed off orderly, and we suppose the beneficiare was well satisfied with the profits.

John McMahon's Benefit

Will take place on Tuesday next, 11th inst., at Grand Street Hall, on which occasion he has been promised the assistance of several well known professors. In addition to the regular exercises of the evening, the Derry Youth and Young McGrath will set-to, and the lad having the decision of the judges as having made the best display is to be presented with a Silver Medal. Mr. McMahon announces on his bills that the Editor of the Clipper will present the Medal—as we never made a speech, from the fact that we don't know how, we hope our friend McMahon will attend to that duty himself. The Derry Youth and Young McGrath are well known in sparring circles, and the set-to between them on the evening in question will doubtless be deeply exciting and interesting. Don't fail to drop in at Grand Street Hall on the evening of the 11th.

Old Bill Tovey.

"Old Tovey" has had a "hard row to hoe" during the past few years, but notwithstanding his misfortunes, and his declining years, he has ever been ready to assist others, and now that his star in the fistic firmament has almost set, and its light become dim in the presence of those whose recent advent has made them brighter objects of attraction, it is to be hoped that whilst benefits are the order of the day, "Old Bill Tovey" may not be forgotten. Those now strong in youth, and buoyant in hopes, cannot always remain so, and what aid is given Tovey now, may not be lost upon others when old age seizes upon them. We have no doubt a crowded house would be the result of a benefit to "Old Tovey."

Harry Gribben's Benefit.

Those who wish to get a glimpse of one of the "lions," previous to the settlement of the "affair of honor," in which he is engaged as one of the principals, will have an opportunity on Friday evening, 7th instant, as Harry Gribben will give a Sparring Exhibition on that evening, for the benefit of himself and Stunning Joe Banks, one of his trainers. The benefit will take place at Warren Hall, corner of Henry and Oliver streets, and that all may have a good view, a raised stake will be erected in the centre of the room, on which the "mimic battles will be fought." Harry Gribben and Stunning Joe Banks, in fighting costume, will wind up the sports of the evening. Give Harry a lift by going to his benefit, on Friday evening. Admittance only 25 cents.

Sparring Exhibition at Philadelphia.

OUR CORNER, 1st April, 1854.

DEAR CLIPPER: We last evening dropped in at the Franklin Hall, Sixth street, to witness a "dash of the fancy." Although the evening was exceedingly wet and disagreeable, yet Mr. Mendoza, the beneficiare, has no reason to complain, for the exhibition was well attended by flash coves and others, all eager to see the *mill*. Loud cries for "curtain up." At eight o'clock, however, the boys were relieved from their suspense by a sight of Messrs. Andrews and Mendoza, who made a fine showy appearance in the opening scene, and displayed really excellent and scientific sparring, foreshadowing a rich treat to the lovers of the mystic circle in attendance.

The second was an exhibition of Young America in the shape of two very small boys, who fought bang up to the mark, and forcibly reminded us that we are a *soon* people.

3d. A quick spirited set-to between Stephens or Adams, of New York, and Jim Mason, of Philadelphia—handsome in-fighting, some good hits and stops, and altogether a very creditable affair. Mason, being hurt in the left arm, gave his opponent a slight advantage; both of them are good men for light weights.

4th. Frank McIntire, of Philadelphia, and Jim Smith, who received forfeit from Duncan, the Limerick youth, on account of his not coming to weight. This was thus far decidedly *the* set-to of the evening. No *fighting*, but an out and out scientific exhibition of skill. Sharp rallies, quick hitting, and getting away, double counters, stops, dodges, &c. In short, proving themselves tip-top men with the gloves, and otherwise up to *snuff* in the ring. McIntire was rather the better man; this set-to was splendid.

5th. Messrs. Hadwood and Robinson came together and had a regular fist-icuff. Robinson was by far the shorter man, which gave his opponent much the advantage of reach and height. It was of little importance, however, as the men invariably fought immediately to a close. It was well for them their hands were padded. This fighting, as we call it, is not pretty; let's have less of the brute, and more of the science.

6th. Two Londoners, Cannon and Coan, a fair set-to.

7th. Mendoza and Hill. This was a lop-sided match, Mendoza having it all his own way; the only effect produced from this set-to was to show the advantage of skill over physical force, which made it a tolerable affair.

8th. Ned Lancaster and Bill Rodgers. This was a spicy dash of the gloves—severe hitting, but no ungainly *smashing*, as it were. In the 3d round the blood flowed copiously; which, instead of ending the sport, rather enhanced it. In fact, it may be said to be one of the good set-to of the evening.

9th. Levison and Ellis. We did not see how this affair went off.

10th. Adams and Conner. Brisk affair, showing quick work and good bottom.

11th. This was a grand final, a set-to between Messrs. Andrews and Mendoza. This was certainly a brilliant affair, and showed much science. The men evidently meant to please, for each one threw himself into his work, making some very excellent hits and stops, and otherwise doing the thing up *pretty*.

12th. Two of the smallest kind of boys took the stage, and were almost completely *hid behind the glowes*. They banged away at each other manfully, amidst roars of laughter, and a perfect shower of three cent pieces and pennies.

Thus ends the chapter. All was quiet and orderly, and every one seemed well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

We cannot close our remarks, without calling the attention of the sporting world, to a Sparring Exhibition to come off on the evening of the 13th of April, at Franklin Hall, 6th street below Arch, for the mutual benefit of Frank McIntire, of Philadelphia, and Charles Pitt of London. This will be a handsome affair, in which some of the best men in Philadelphia and New York, besides some of the fancy just arrived from England, will be engaged. Mr. M'Intire is an old friend of ours, for whom we have the highest regard, both as an adept of the ring and private gentleman. He will certainly have a crowded house. Turn out boys,---let's give our worthy townsman the right sort of a benefit, and also the illustrious stranger a reception worthy of true Philadelphia 'sports.' Our advice to all is *invest your quarters early and secure seats*. "Pop goes the weazle."

Yours, Truly FLINTS.

P. S. Our thanks are due to our friends Messrs. M'Intyre, Mason, Andrews and others of the fancy, for their very polite treatment. These boys, or rather we should have said "Big fisters" know how to do things up *handsomely*.

The Brutal Fight.

In another column we have given a report of the particulars of the contemplated fight between two members of our National Council. We have given this report in precisely the same style that we would report a similar affair between two of our pugilistic friends. And why should we not? Is there any difference in the men? Not in the least. The only difference is in the mode of fighting, one party preferring the use of deadly weapons, with the premeditated intent of committing the crime of murder, whilst the other party depend upon manly strength, exercise of the muscles, and a scientific use of the hands and arms, with no intent whatever of committing a crime. We leave it to our readers to say which is the most manly and honorable mode of settling a quarrel. Every unbiassed mind will honestly declare that our pugilistic friends take the proper course to vindicate their honor.

The "Press" of this city did not take the same view of this contemplated fight between Cutting and Breckenridge, as it did of that between Sullivan and Morrissey, in October last. Why, we cannot determine. The "brutality" of the one was only equalled by the "barbarity" of the other, and the "preparations" were made by the backers of our Congressional fighters with less regard for decency and the quiet and well-being of the community, than those adopted by our pugilistic friends.

If the contemplation of a fight between two men with no weapons in their hands is "brutal," "sickening" and "disgusting," as many papers asserted in October last, we ask, in all sincerity, in what light should we contemplate a quarrel between two men, with murderous weapons in their hands, seeking each other's life?

"Ah!" says Greeley, "the case is different. These Congressmen are gentlemen of talents, of learning and of sound discretion. *They* fight for *honor*. Your pugilistic friends fight for *money*." Ah! Greeley, the money our pugilistic friends fight for would *purchase* more *honor*, as you call it, than the fighting Congressmen ever did, or ever will possess. You know it, but your position among these talented fighters will not allow you to admit it. You *know* they fight not for *honor*, but for *Bunkum*.---However, enough of this. The *men of honor did'nt fight*, but made satisfactory apologies, and thus preserved unstained their integrity!

Newspaper Folding.

Up to the time of going to press we have heard nothing from Mr. Scroggy, of Philadelphia, who, on behalf of a celebrated newspaper folder in that city, challenged any of our newsboys to fold an edition of some paper with him for the sum of $250 aside. The challenge was accepted, and we expect Mr. Scroggy to remit a deposit if he means to make a match—if not, we shall consider the folders of Philadelphia as having "backed down." Come, Scroggy, "fork up" or "back down," and thus acknowledge the superiority of the New York newspaper folders over those of Philadelphia. Mr. Drovin, who brought the challenge to us, will please inquire into the matter.

Great times in the London Ring.

The next two months promise some stirring times in the London Ring, as some important fights are to be decided—among them the battle between Alf. Walker and the Spider, and that between Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes, the latter the present Champion of Light Weights. Full reports of these battles will be published in the Clipper.

Orville Gardner.

We must say that the means used to arrest this man are in no wise creditable to those engaged in the arrest. Treachery is despisable at all times, and where it is encouraged by officers of justice to answer some selfish ends, it speaks but little for the cause of justice.

The Teetotaller's Lament.

DEDICATED TO OLD MORALITY.

I'm thinking on the bill, Greeley,
That you and I first made
On a cold, dark morning, long ago,
O'er a glass of lemonade.
The legislators *fresh* and *green*.
Seemed for our purpose *ripe*,
And the "*smile*" was on thy *lip*, Greeley,
And you used a cotton "wipe."

Tis but a step to Albany,
And the capitol is there
The place the bill was pass'd, Greeley,
Tis almost seen from here.
But I still see something dim, Greeley,
Something I can't make out,
And if you take a glance, Greeley,
You'll SEE MORE, no doubt.

"Things" *is* a little changed, Greeley,
Though its just as cold as then,
Only the "Bill" we then "got up"
Is "taken down" again!
And I miss that glass of lemonade,
And that "white hat" on your head,
And you keep so mighty *quiet* now,
I almost think you're *dead*.

I'm very lonely now, Greeley,
For we're losing every friend;
But, oh! they hate you worse than all,
And blame you till the end.
For you they gave up all they had,
The "skin" and "cock-tail" too,
And now the Liquor Bill is gone,
Greeley, what shall we do?

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
You infernal Greeley, you,
But I'll not forget you yet, Greeley,
No matter what you do
They say there's liquor now for all,
Each man can make a "smash,"
But, Greeley, mind, I promise you,
I'm bound to spoil your "hash."

And often, when I take a glass,
I'll sip, and shut my eyes,
And wish that I was back again
In the place where Greeley *lies!*
And I'll think I see that "old white hat,"
And "that coat" around you still,
Just as you looked that wintry day,
We made the "Liquor Bill."

AMUSEMENTS.

Madame Chiarini.

This accomplished and graceful equestrienne made her first appearance before an American audience, on Monday evening last, at the Bowery Amphitheatre, in a very pleasing "Act of Manege," on the highly trained horse Don Juan, whom our readers will remember as having been one of the principal attractions at the Hippodrome, last summer. The debut of Madame Chiarini before an American audience, was a complete success, in every sense of the word. Her positions were the very embodiment of grace, and the natural ease with which she managed the beautiful horse Don Juan, received the most flattering marks of approbation from the entire audience, and at the close of the act, she was compelled, in answer to the deafening plaudits of the spectators, to reappear, and repeat the concluding portion of her performances. Unlike most artistes of celebrity, this lady comes amongst us unheralded by the clap-trap and puffing system, depending solely upon her merits to win access to the favor of the American public, and a portion of the patronage always so liberally bestowed upon those who endeavor to please and entertain. Madame Chiarini appears every evening during the week, after which she leaves the city. On her return, we bespeak for her a hearty welcome.

A Feast.

The Bowery Theatre has just brought out "Hot Corn," and Charley White, being a near neighbor, thinks of bringing out a little "Cold Corn" Beef. Burton will contribute his share of the feast by getting up a "Tempest" in a tea-pot, and Buckley's Minstrels have promised to let us have a "little more cider." So that nothwithstanding the high price of provisions, there are plenty of good things in store for us.

National Theatre.

The "Uncle Tom" is still performed at this establishment, and is yet attracting large numbers. We understand that Mr. Purdy has in preparation a version of the last exciting novel, entitled "The Lamplighter," which is to be brought out in a style of great magnificence and splendor.

Christy's Minstrels.

Several new songs have been introduced of late, in the entertainments offered by this company, which, together with the well known name this company possesses for getting up amusements in a superior style, assist in making Christy's the most fashionable place of resort in the city.

Buckley's Minstrels.

What a team there is at this well conducted place of amusement; Eph. Horn. Tom Briggs, R. Buckley, and a host of other favorites, who, by their eccentricities, nightly fill their large and spacious saloon with admiring audiences. Great times among the Minstrels.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Foot Race on Long Island.

A foot race took place on Monday, 27th March, on the Union Course, Long Island, between two of the denizens of Wall street, called Scotch Boy and Fire Laddie, for $100 aside. The distance run was one mile, and during the first half-mile Scotchy and his opponent kept about even, after which the Scotch Boy put on the steam, reaching the goal about 100 yards in advance of his opponent.

We understand the above men are to run another match in a week or two for the sum of $200 aside. Mr. C., a celebrated sporting character of Hoboken, backs the Scotch Boy. Particulars in our next.

THE TURF.

There has been nothing doing of consequence during the past week, on the Union Course, L. I. The proprietors must get up something exciting, if they expect to do much business this season.

One Dollar a Yard.

A match between two stallions, Black Bird and May Fly, to run 440 yards for 440 dollars, "came off" on Saturday last, on the Union Course. The attendance was poor, the track in bad condition, the jockeys had the blues, and the horses hurried through with the job. Black Bird accomplising the distance in 26 seconds, and winning the race.

ALABAMA RACES.

MOBILE, March 21.—Purse, two mile heats.

T. B. Goldsby's Brown Dick, 2 years old, by imp. Margrave dam, Fanny king - - 2 1 1
John Clarke's b. c. 3 years old, by Black Prince, dam Hannah Harris - - - - - 1 2 dis.
J. Kennedy's c. f. Adieu. 3 years old, by Grattan, out of Odd Stocking - - - - 3 dis.

Time, 3:48½—1:54.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $100, mile heats, catch weights. John Jones's b. f. Mary Collier, by Regent, dam by American Eclipse. - 1 1
Taylor Argos's b. g. Zampa, by Yorkshire, dam Zingaree mare
E. Haines's b. g. John Murray, by Wellington, dam by Mary Connelly - - - - - 3 dis.

Time, 1:50—1:54.

MARCH 24.—Purse $150, catch weights. T. B. Goldsby's ch. g—, 4 years old, by Rough and Ready, out of Sally Riddlesworth 1 1
T. Jones' b. f. Mary Collier, 3 years old, by Regent, dam by Eclipse - - - - - 2 2

Time, 1:54—2:04.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five—catch weights.
E. Warwick's ch. f. Adieu by Grattan. - - - 1 1 1
T. Argo's b. g. Zampa, by Yorkshire - - - 2 2 2

Time, 1:55½—1:56½—2:00.

The Great State Post Stake Race for $20,000, at New-orleans.

OLD KENTUCKY VICTORIOUS—LEXINGTON THE WINNER.

NEW ORLEANS, April 1, 1854.

The great State post stake race, for $20,000, four mile heats, came off this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, over the Metairie course, and was won by the Kentucky horse Lexington, in two straight heats. Time, 8m. 8¾s—8m. 4s. The track was very heavy.

There were four entries, viz:—Lexington (of Kentuky); Lecomte, (of Mississippi); Highlander, (of Alabama); and Arrow, (of Louisiana).

The race created great excitement, and crowds of strangers have been flocking to this city for several days past to witness the contest. The course was literally crowded with anxious spectators, as much money was wagered on the result, each horse being looked upon as the representative of the honor and glory of his State.

The winner of the race, Lexington, is a Boston colt, out of Alice Carneal, is owned by a stock company, and is at present in the hands of Col Bingham. He was trained for this race by Dr. Warfield, of Kentucky. He has been a victor in every race he has ever run, at all distances, beating the best horses of the South and West, and adding still greater *eclat* to the name of the gallant old Boston.

Lecomte, another Boston colt out of Reel and owned and trained by General Wells, of Rapides, was the second horse. Previous to this race he had never been beaten, had never lost a single heat, and was a great favorite.

Highlander, the third in the race, and distanced in the second heat, is a Glencoe colt, out of Castanet, and is owned by a stock company, which purchased him for $10,000. He had never been beaten before, and was the favorite in this race at odds, and his friends were greatly disappointed at the result.

Arrow, distanced in the first heat, was got by Boston, out of Jenneteau, is owned by Mr. R. Ten Broeck, and represented Louisiana. Arrow has been beaten before, but it is claimed in consequence of bad riding, having made the three fastest miles on record.

The betting on this race was greater than on any previous occasion in this section of country.

THE RING.

Fights to Come.

April 26.—Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, for $500 aside.

The Last Deposit.

On Wednesday evening next, April 12th, the last deposit in the match between Gribben and Parker will be made. The deposit to be made on that evening is $150 aside, which completes the total amount of $1000, the money to be fought for.

The full arrangements for this "friendly bout" will soon be made, when those "in" will know what's "out."

In the meantime, the parties are progressing remarkably well, and will doubtless be able to give a good account of themselves at the proper time.

The Challenge to the Champion of England.

FOR $20,000 ASIDE.

Our readers will doubtless remember that in the month of November last, we stated that a challenge had been sent by a celebrated sporting character of this city to William Perry, (better known as Tipton Slasher,) Champion of England, to fight for the sum of $20,000 aside.—The announcement at the time created intense excitement in sporting circles, and an answer to the challenge was looked for with great anxiety. Nothing, however, appeared in Bell's Life in London, or any of the other sporting journals of England, in regard to the matter, and it was generally supposed that no such challenge had been sent, and that the whole match was a fabrication. For certain reasons we abstained from recurring to the affair, believing that in due time a corroboration of our statement would be made public by one of the parties engaged in the affair, We were right in our conjecture, for the following communication, giving a history of the entire circumstances connected with the challenge, has been sent to us for publication in this week's CLIPPER. It will be read with deep interest, and will answer the many communications we have received on the subject:

MARCH 31, '54.

To the Editor of the Clipper:

SIR: Shortly after the fight in October last, a gentleman of this city called upon me in a friendly way, and after considerable time had elapsed in discussing the various topics of the day, my visitor, knowing me to be well acquainted with the fistic circle of England, asked me if I thought the Tipton Slasher, Champion of England, would accept a challenge from any one on this side of the Atlantic. I told him I did not know, but supposed if a bona fide challenge was sent, the Slasher would accept it, or give good reasons for declining the offer. He then asked me if I would address a letter to the Editor of Bell's Life in London, that the challenge might appear in that Journal. I acquiesced, and the terms of the challenge were then made known to me as follows: "The fight to be a fair stand-up fight, according to the Latest Rules of the London Ring—for $20,000 aside—should the fight take place in England, the sum of $5,000 to be given by the Slasher to defray the expenses of the challenger—or, if in America, the like sum of $5,000 to be given the Slasher to come here—if at any intermediate spot, each man to defray his own expenses."

Accordingly, the following day I wrote a letter to the Editor of Bell's Life in London, in which the challenge to the Champion of England was enclosed, and sent it off that afternoon in order to catch the mail for the next Boston steamer for Liverpool. The following day, however, a great outcry was made against the Pugilistic fraternity, and several arrests were made. Supposing that the "war would be carried into Africa," and that should an answer to the challenge be received, I would be regarded with jealous eyes, inasmuch as the challenge and its answer would create a tremendous excitement in this country, at a time when it was desirable to "preserve peace." I immediately wrote another letter to the Editor of Bell's Life, requesting him, if he had received my letter, and had not yet published it, to withhold its publication for reasons which were made known to him. This letter was to go by the steamer leaving this port on Saturday. Fortunately, the letter containing the challenge, which was to have gone by the Boston steamer, on Wednesday, was too late for that steamer, and consequently did not reach its destination until after the last letter had been received in London. This will account for the non-appearance of the challenge in Bell's Life, and also for the silence observed in the matter in this city. That the challenge was bona fide, and sent as such, is certain. Trusting that this explanation will satisfy your readers, and the public in general, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,
IZZY LAZARUS.

No. 4 James street, New York.

Whether the challenge will be renewed at some more conveinent opportunity, we are unable to determine. The course pursued by Mr. Lazarus was wise considering the circumstances, and perhaps it is well that no other result followed. We hope our readers will now rest satisfied that the information we gave concerning the challenge was correct.

Jem Parker's Benefit.

A Grand Sparring Exhibition will be given by Mr. Parker, on Monday evening next at Military Hall, 61 White street, the same room in which Mr. Sullivan had his brilliant Exhibition. Those who attend Mr. Parker's Exhibition may look for some tip-top sparring, as some of the big ones will be in attendance, and set-to. Those who wish to see Mr. Parker previous to his friendly bout with Gribben should embrace the opportunity offered for Monday evening next. Admittance only 25 cents. Turn out, boys, and fill the room.

Something Like.

Among the various Gift Enterprises, we have seen nothing like that which Mr. Sharkey, of No. 93 Bowery, offers to the notice of the public. Each person purchasing a bundle of segars, containing 25, for which he pays but 50 cents, will also be entitled to a chance in a number of costly Gifts. See advertisement in another column.

Kensett and Hammond.

At the request of a large number of our readers, we will publish in our next, a full and complete report of the fight between George Kensett and Ned Hammond.

Coming.

Searles, the English Pedestrian, is expected daily, having sailed from Liverpool on the 1st of March, bringing with him Thomas' great Hippodrome, in which to perform pedestrian feats. Thomas and Howard are also on their way to this country.

Defeat of the American Deer.

In the 10 mile race between Jackson and Pudney, which took place on the 14th of March, Jackson was defeated by about 12 yards, thus losing the Champion's Belt. Particulars in our next.

Boxiana for Sale.

Complete set of five volumes, for sale. Apply at this office.

Crowded out.

Prize Fight at Pemberton, Challenge of West Jersey Ferry Man, and other articles unavoidably left over until our next.

A Change.

With a change of weather, from cold to warm, and from the gloomy months of winter to the cheering and pleasing spring, there should be a corresponding change in the appearance of mankind, and as nothing so conduces to the exterior arrangements as a well-fitting and fashionable hat, it would be well for those about to purchase to know where such a covering can be obtained. Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, the inventors of the Daguerrean Improvement in the hat manufacture, whose places of business are at No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, furnish the most splendid article to be had in the city—not only this, but the article so furnished is of the best quality, and also furnished at a reasonable price. In addition to this, a Daguerrean likeness of each purchaser is given gratis; the said likeness being fixed in the inside of the hat, making a very tasty addition to the lining.

Rather Green.

Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the particulars of a case which was lately brought to the notice of one of our Courts, in which it appeared that a young man who had paid to have his hair dyed black was surprised, on looking in the glass, to discover his locks of the most beautiful green color. So it is in many instances—persons are persuaded to try this Hair Dye or that, but in no instance has such satisfaction been given as in the Hair Dye manufactured by Dr. Gouraud. It accomplishes all it professes, and changes light, red, or gray hair to a beautiful brown or jet black, without in the least injuring the skin or hair. Dr. Gouraud, it must be remembered, is the inventor and manufacturer of the famous Italian Medicated Soap for curing, chaps, chafes, freckles, &c. These articles are to be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

In haste.

Notwithstanding the extreme backwardness of the season, and the opinion so often expressed that the cold weather will last throughout the month of April, the desire to obtain some of those beautiful and cheap Carpetings from the Great Warerooms of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, is uppermost in the public mind, and as a natural consequence the salesmen on duty at the above establishment are kept extremely busy in waiting upon customers. Wherever a cheap and good article is sold, there will the people go; therefore it is not surprising that the great Napoleon of the Carpet Trade should receive, as he justly merits, the patronage of such a large portion of the community. Some of the most brilliant and durable patterns of Brussels, three ply, &c., &c., are now on hand at Mr. Anderson's, where they can be examined with the greatest care and attention by those who wish to obtain a good article.

Prime

And of the best quality are the oysters kept for sale at "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 362 Broome street. Other refreshments are also to be had there, of the best quality, as well as wines, ales, &c. Try the Harbor.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. PACIFIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, April 1st, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
March 18, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. NORTH STAR Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 5, at 1 o'clock P. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
March 30, 1854.

Madame Bovin's Female Alterative Pills

—for the exclusive use of Females. The Pills are prepared and used by Madame Bovin, late Chief Midwife to the Maternity Lying in Hospital, Paris; author of several works on Diseases of Females; Lecturer on Midwifery, &c., &c. They have been extensively and successfully used for many years on the Continent, and through the whole of Europe, for the following complaints, viz: Obstructions, Suppressions, Green Sickness, Head Ache, Pain in the Side, Palpitation, Loathing of Food, Disturbed Sleep, and all Interruptions and Irregularities of the Menstrual Periods, from whatever cause. These Pills are recommended by the Medical Faculty of Paris and London. For sale, wholesale and retail, at 444 Broadway, N. Y.

100,000 BUNDLES OF SEGARS.

SHARKEY'S GIFT ENTERPRISE, FOR the benefit of his customers, and all who buy one bundle of Segars, at 50 cents per bundle of twenty-five, will receive one ticket that entitles them to one share in in the following property:

2 Houses and Lots in the lower part of the city, valued at	$24,000
50 Gold Watches, $100 each	5,000
100 Orders for Hats, $4	400
200 Gold Pencils, $3	600

The orders, with the tickets, can be procured at
M. SCHAFFNER'S, 404 Pearl st.
J. W. MANNING, 91½ Fulton st.
HOWES' Celebrated Cough Candy Depot, 166 Chatham st.
MRS. WETMORE, 322½ Grand st.
J. & W. PENSENT, Confectioners, 217 6th Avenue.
MRS. M. HAYS, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn.
S. J. HAYS, 146 Atlantic st., Brooklyn.
The property will be placed in the hands of a committee appointed by the ticket-holders, to be distributed in a manner perfectly fair and satisfactory to all concerned.
It is confidently believed that the Segars will be sold about the first of July. Principal Office 93 Bowery, corner of Hester street, N. Y.
M. D. L. SHARKEY.

A Card to the Ladies.—

Dr. Duponco's French Periodical Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses. These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box. All orders must be sent to Dr. J. Duponco, Broadway Post Office, and they will be sent, confidentially, to any part of the city or country by mail.
Sold by Burton & Steele, Broadway, corner of Howard street; De Graff corner of Allen and Grand streets; Hinton, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th street; Charles Belding, 91 8th Avenue; Badger, Newark; Vosburg & Son, Elizabethtown; Weeks & Potter, Boston.
Agents wanted for every town and city. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway P.O., New York.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,
METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 Concord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.
N. B. Private Lessons given in Sparring.

The French Lunar Pills.

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No. 83 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all SUPPRESSIONS OR IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The PILLS possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION. ☜

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named PILLS, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy for one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their SEX. Suppression of the MONTHLY TURNS are now very common to all classes of FEMALES, but more especially to those working in the shops and mills, and when such obstructions have taken place it is no trifling matter to find a MEDICINE that will remove the difficulty.

We are satisfied that in a majority of cases of this complaint the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS are the only medicine that can be relied on, at the same time not exposing the patient to danger; we can therefore conscientiously recommend them to all who may be suffering or require their use. There are many medicines now advertised for similar purposes, but it is needless for us to say to any one who has used them that they are worse than useless.

The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

SIR—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison, (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose fairly.

She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficient for my case.

The medicine was accordingly sent, with a request that the lady might communicate the result. In less than a week the following letter was received from the lady's husband:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Dear SIR—The MEDICINES which you sent us on the 17th has had the DESIRED EFFECT. My wife's OBJECT is ACCOMPLISHED.

A lady says "they answered my case finely," a gentleman in Pawtucket, R. I., whose lady had used the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, says, "they are the most wonderful medicine I ever knew." A lady in Bristol, R. I., recently said, "I believe that the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS saved my life, for I tried everything I could think or hear of." The above facts are given only for the right information of the public.

Ladies, we would now offer one word of

CAUTION.

There is now in this and other cities a great number of articles advertised "FEMALES' PILLS," for SUPPRESSIONS, &c., should not be taken at certain times, &c., &c.; but it is sufficient to say that they are mere QUACK NOSTRUMS; whosoever buys them will get wofully deceived.

Be sure then that you obtain the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, which must bear the written signature of the proprietor, D. CUDWORTH, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. PRICE $3 PER BOX. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. All letters of information must be addressed to D. CUDWORTH, M. D., Providence, R. I. Persons in New York can obtain the PILLS of C. H. RING, 192 Broadway.

N. B.—Any person requiring the Pills in any part of the United States, by directing a letter (post paid) with the money enclosed, to D. CUDWORTH, M. D Providence, R. I., will receive a box of Pills by return of mail.

SURE CURES AT SMALL COST.

DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S Friend, and the infallible remedies for certain diseases. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York, nowhere else. Universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, for the amazing cures they have performed in the worst cases, after all other aid had miserably failed those afflicted.

Now used for the above virulent disease, and its disastrous train of symptoms, with a success that astonishes the faculty; far surpassing the tardy operation of other remedies, at the same time that they are also milder than those upon the system itself. The reason is that they exert their whole force upon the disease, which is compelled to give way at once, and the patient suffers nothing, as in other instances, from the remedy that relieves him. Thence the fact that these are now approved above all others.

For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested we might almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.

While these are an immediate cure for the slighter affections, they are a remedy to which the aggravated forms, as difficult to cure by other treatment as a consumption is, yield easily, and indeed at once. The patient has no more difficulty than with a sore finger, instead of being the prey of a loathsome and continually corroding malady. $1 per vial with a book.

Newark, N. J., July 7th, 1853.

DR. WARE: Sir—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you. W. I.

Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be referred to. Others talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medecine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10, $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received, medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.

A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalleled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to the most wonderful contributions of science to the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours, if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Uretha, no matter how long its continuance or what may have been tried previously.

These Medicines have been hailed by thousands as the greatest boon to humanity. Married persons in this predicament, especially, and all anxious for a cure, are by these Incomparable Remedies, certain of obtaining the same without any delay. A cure guaranteed by their means. Practical directions accompany the Remedies. A Scientific description of the disease is enclosed. $1 per bottle with a book.

CONCLUDING ADVICE TO THE UNFORTUNATE! If you have contracted a certain disease, do not delay a moment, but come, send or write to Dr. Ward, 50 Canal street, New York City. If you want to make sure of a cure, come, send or write. If you are poor, nevertheless, come, send, or write.

In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one, two or

ENGLISH ITEMS.

A CURE FOR WORMS—At Middlesex, Sessions, on Tuesday, Jane Browning 42, was indicted for inflicting on Harriet Gunton grivеous bodily harm. In other counts she was charged with occasioning actual bodily harm to the same, and for a common assault. The facts of this case were of an extraordinary character. The prisoner, it seemed, lived at a Mrs Jones's, Vere-street, Clare Market, where she was introduced to the prosecutrix, a woman about 50 years of age, and in whom stupidity and simplicity appeared to be combined, as a person possessing some skill as a herbalist amd eminently successful in the treatment of persons suffering from worms. The prosecutrix told her that she had worms, and, after some bargaining, she agreed to pay her £2 if she cured her. Of this sum she actually paid £1 5s, and she took some very powerful medicines, which she now described as "poisonous." At length the prisoner induced her to undergo an operation of a most painful and disgusting nature, and in the end that she had succeeded in extracting from her person a very large worm, which was not, she said, in fact a worm, but half a snake, half an eel, with a poisonous head. The prosecutrix desired to take it away with her, and the prisoner put it in a bottle with some liquid, for which she charged 2s. 8d. By some means the affair came to the knowledge of Mr. Briggs, surgeon, 11, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, and through his instrumentality the prisoner was given into custody. The bottle containing the "worm" was produced, and much laughter was thereby occasioned at the credulity of the prosecutrix. It was a common eel, about two feet long. However, laughable as the matter was, a good deal of pity for the prosecutrix was manifested, as the scandalous treatment of the prisoner had very severely injured her. Mr Briggs, the surgeon, said a serious injury had been done to the urethra, and the poor woman herself said she endured considerable pain. The prisoner did not deny the charge. —The jury found her guilty on all the counts.—Mr. Witham said it was a case for severe punishment. It was marvelous to him a woman like the prosecutrix could suffer herself to be so imposed upon. He sentenced the prisoner to one year's hard labor.

SPLIT EAGLES.—The eagle, moreover, when pouncing on fish or animals of superior power to himself, is occasionally doomed in other ways than drowning. "I have been told," says Bishop Pontoppidan, author of the *Natural History of Norway*, when speaking of the seal carrying the eagle under the water, "of another unfortunate expedition of the eagle, which shows that this mighty king of birds is often in the wrong, and extends his attempts beyond his power among the fish. An incident of this kind happened not far from Bergen, when an eagle stood on the bank of a river, and saw a salmon as it were just under him; he struck one of his talons into the root of an elm close by, and partly hanging over the river, the other he struck into the salmon, which was very large, and in his proper element, which doubled his strength, so that he swam away and split the eagle to his neck, making literally a split eagle of him, a creature otherwise know only in heraldry."

An author records several instances of eagles having been rent almost in twain by their quarry. To prevent the like happening to falcons, used in Persia for capturing hares and antelopes, they are "breeched," that is, have a leather thong fastened from one thigh to the other. These split eagle stories will probably be considered by the reader as partaking of much of the marvellous, but before setting them down as regular "Munchausens," he will be pleased to hear what Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches of Persia," says on the subject:—

"When at Shiraz, the etchee (ambassador) had received a present of a very fine shah-baz, or royal falcon. Before going out, I had been amused at seeing the head falconer, a man of great experience in his department, put upon this bird a pair of leathers, which he fitted to its thigh with as much care as if he had been the tailor of a fashionable horseman. I inquired the reason of so unusual a proceeding. 'You will learn that,' said the consequential master of the hawks, 'when you see our sport;' and I was convinced, at the period he predicted, of the old fellow's knowledge of his business. The first hare seized by the falcon was very strong, and the ground rough. While the bird kept the claws of one foot fastened in the back of its prey, the other was dragged along the ground till it had an opportunity to lay hold of a tuft of grass, by which it was enabled to stop the course of the hare, whose efforts to escape I do think would have torn the hawk asunder, if it had not been provided with the leathern defences which have been mentioned." Lieut. R. F. Burton, in his amusing book, "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus," says: "The falcon is invariably breeched, a broad leather thong being passed from the right to the left knee, where it is securely buttoned. Were this precaution neglected, the natives assure us, there is imminent danger of the hawks being split up.

RATTING EXTRAORDINARY.—OLD JEM AGAIN.—On Tuesday evening last, at Jemmy Shaw's, the Queen's Head, Crown Court, Windmill street, Haymarket, there was a very numerous attendance of the admirers of canine sagacity, to witness "Old Jem" Shaw's favorite worry 100 barn rats. It will be in the recollection of our readers that in the late match between Old Jem and Billy, to destroy a like number, for £25 aside, the old dog won by 27 rats, performing the work of extermination in 12 min. 3 sec. On the present occasion Shaw was allowed to remove the dead rats, which proved of infinite service to Jem, who, being defective in sight, lost on the previous occasion much time in finding the vermin, and who, with this assistance, set to his work in gallant style, and accomplished the feat in 6 min. 51 sec., little or nothing the worse for his labor.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE OF A LADY IN LIVERPOOL.—On Monday an inquest was held at Liverpool, on the body of Martha Caudy, daughter of a solicitor, who committed suicide the previous day. It appeared that the deceased, who was about 36 years of age, had met with disappointment in love and became low-spirited. About seven o'clock on Sunday morning her sister, while in bed, heard the report of fire-arms in the house, and on going down stairs to a spare bed-room, she found the deceased lying on her back on the floor, quite dead, her head shockingly mutilated from a pistol-shot. The pistol, though evidently recently discharged, was at full cock; and the supposition is that she discharged it with a lucifer match, instead of a percussion-cap. Upon the table in the room in which the rash act was committed was the following—"MY DEAR FATHER: Forgive me for the rash act I am about to commit. I cannot live in misery. Adam——(her lover) will not come, when he promised us. He never performs it. Whenever I see him, he treats me with the greatest cruelty, and I have not had a happy hour for the last two years. Never mind. Grieve not after me, I shall be far happier in heaven than being in this world. All I have to say is not to allow Ned (her brother) to follow me to the grave. The Almighty will reward him for his conduct to me. Adieu for ever.—MARTHA GAUDY."—The jury returned a verdict of Suicide under Temporary Insanity.

THE PIKE AND EAGLE.—The cinereous, or white tailed eagle (*Aquila albicilla*), and the opsrey (*Aquila haliætus*) prey upon fish, and are frequently drowned when they have pounced upon and driven their talons into large pike. One Magnus, a Trollhattan (a celebrated Swedish fishing and picturesque locality) fisherman witnessed the following death struggle. "An osprey had pounced upon an enormous pike, which, from its great weight, it was unable to bear aloft, and from which it was unable to extricate its talons. At times both fish and the bird struggled together on the surface; whilst at others the pike fairly carried the osprey under the water, the bird, on its re-appearance, uttering the most plaintive cries. Being in a boat, and provided with a fish-spear, he lost no time in giving chase, in the hope of capturing one or both; but before reaching the spot the pike, to his great disappointment, so completely gained the upper hand, as to carry the osprey with him bodily under the water." The cinereous eagle is far larger than the osprey, and not frequently is drowned when it has driven its talons into a large pike or salmon. The skeletons of fishing eagles are often found on the backs of victorious pike.

THE REVOLVERS.—We learn that Col. Colt's revolvers have been supplied to a large proportion of officers of the guards and general officers marching for the seat of war. We should be glad to hear that the board of Ordnance had decided that this useful weapon was to be adopted in the Coast Guard, the navy and the marines, as well as by the private soldiers in the army. Let a soldier be in combat with three or four antagonists, and rely upon his bayonet as a means of defence, in the long run, ten to one he would be overpowered; but if he is armed with a revolver, he could, when hard pressed, throw his musket into the left hand, and for a few moments parry thrusts with it, while he drew his revolver, and with the right hand pick off his men, the left all the while parrying with the firelock the thrust of his enemise. In case of riot, a sword would come off second best in competition with brickbats and revolvers. The Russians, it is said, are armed with revolvers; if so, this question should be no longer delayed.—*Army Dispatch.*

GLUTTONY AND FEROCITY OF THE PIKE.—I have kept pike and trout in a pond that was supplied with running water. The pike for the most part remained stationary, but the trout, on the contrary, were in constant motion. On a particular occasion I saw a pike, of from seven to eight pounds weight, make a dart at a trout of fully equal size to itself, and seize it across the body with his sharp teeth. The combat was lively. The assailed trout made desperate, though ineffectual efforts to get rid of its ravenous enemy. After the lapse of a couple of hours, the trout became altogether exhausted, on which the pike, beginning with the head, commenced gorging his prey. The trout lasted three whole days, or rather it was not until the expiration of that time, the pike had succeeded in swallowing the whole body. The process of digestion must have continued very much longer, as for a week afterwards the fish had a very swollen appearance, and was hardly able to move from the spot, even when poked with a stick.

A WOLF SELF-CAPTURED.—Independently of the innumerable devices of man to cause his destruction, the wolf is sometimes his own executioner. "Two years ago," says Lieut. C. G. Jack, "a wolf in the parish of Western Fernebo, made captive of himself in a very singular manner. He was found hanging between the stems of two fir-trees, growing out of one and the same root, but which separating at some feet from the ground, formed a klyka, or fork. The probability is, that whilst pursuing a cat, a martin or a squirrel that had taken refuge in the tree, he had, in his efforts to seize his prey, made a great leap, and in his fall got thus fixed. A spruce pine, nearly six inches in diameter, growing at hand, was nearly bitten through by the beast whilst thus imprisoned."

BILLIARDS.—THE MATCH BETWEEN MR. ATKINSON OF BLACKBURN AND MR. SMITH OF MACNHESTER.—The last 1,000 of this game of 2,000, for £100 (the first 1,000 of which was played on Friday se'nnight, at the Bull Hotel billiard-room, Blackburn, when Mr. Smith won by six, as our readers will remember), was scored on the Brunswick table, Manchester, on Friday evening week. The billiard table was a very good one, and in excellent order The room was moderately filled, and at the commencement of the game the betting was 6 to 4 on Smith. Both parties played admirably, and it was thought that Mr. Atkinson was in better play than at Blackburn. The game commenced by stringing for the start and the choice of balls, which was obtained by Mr. A., who kept the lead for the first 300 by some very good play, and had then a clear lead of 90. An alteration then took place, Mr. Smith getting some fortunate breaks, and when the game stood at 500 Mr. S. was leading 90 points. An interval of some time ensued, after which the play was resumed. Mr. Atkinson again succeeded in heading his opponent at 800. The game fluctuated between 800 and 900, Mr. Smith being at one time 50 ahead. Mr. Atkinson, however, by score of 76, once more took the lead. The game then went on steadily until the last 50, when it became very exciting, and at near the finish stood thus—Smith 1,999, Atkinson 1,998, and both balls in baulk. It was Mr. Atkinson's break, and he dared not give a miss. He went for a cannon, and succeeded in hitting the white ball, but just missed the red, which lost him the game by two. We understand the score of 76 made by Mr. Atkinson is the largest ever made on the Brunswick table. The highest seore made by Mr. Smith during the game was 44.

The Game of Chess.

Game between Messrs. F. Slous and Harrwitz—

	WHITE. Harrwitz.	BLACK. Mr. Slous.
1.	K P 2	K P 2
2.	K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3.	K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4.	Q Kt P 2	Q P 2
5.	BxP	KtxP
6.	K B to B 4	K Kt to B 3
7.	Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
8.	Castles	Castles
9.	Q P 1	Q B to K Kt 5
10.	B to K 3	B to Q 5
11.	Q to Q 2	Q BxKt
12.	PxB	K Kt to R 4
13.	Q R to Kt sq	Q to K R 5
14.	Kt to K 2	Kt to B 5
15.	KtxKt	PxKt
16.	Q BxP	Kt to K 4
17.	K to Kt 2	Q to R 4
18.	Q to K 2	K Kt P 2
19.	B to K Kt 3	KtxB
20.	PxKt	K B P 2
21.	PxP	K R to K sq
22.	Q to Q 3	Q R to Q sq
23.	P to Q B 5	K Kt P 1
24.	PxP	QxKt P
25.	Q R to Kt 4	Q to Kt 2
26.	RxP	B to K 4
27.	Q to B 4x	K to R sq
28.	RxR P	R to K Kt sq
29.	K to R sq	R to Q 5
30.	Q to K 6	BxB
31.	B PxB	R to Q 7
32.	Q to K 3	RxQ B P
33.	K B P 1	Q to Q 2
34.	K B P 1	Q to Q 4x
35.	Q to K B 3	QxQx
36.	RxQ	R to K B sq
37.	RxP	RxQ R P
38.	Q B P 1	R to Q B 7
39.	K to Kt sq	K to Kt 2
40.	R to B 2, and after many more moves, White won.	

Pedestrianism.

NEWELL AND BUCKLEY.—The race between H. Newell of Mytholmroyd and Titus Buckley of King-cross, near this town, came off over a mile of ground, for £20 aside, on Saturday week. The heroes of the day were favored with the presence of a multitnde of patrons; in fact, it is seldom we have seen two principals attract together such a concourse of sportsmen. That this is a plain unvarnished description of those visitors who were assembled upon that occasion is sufficiently proved by the fact that every one was keenly bent upon making an investment in favor of the man of his choice, and that the issue of the day's contest decided the consignment of several hundreds of pounds. Both men (or, we ought rather to say, the man and the boy,) appeared upon the ground excellently well prepared for the fray. There is a great disparity between both the stature and the age of the two "knights of the tournament," Newell being a somewhat tall and stalwart fellow, in the heyday of manhood, while Buckley is a youth of comely appearance and compact mould. The contrast between the two, when standing contiguously to each other, is almost as great as between the giant and dwarf; but the upshot of the affair demonstrates that the height of a pedestrian is not always to be relied on as a *pro rata* indication of his skill on the turf. Both men were well supported by gallant and substantial friends, and fresh bets did not cease to be got on until the race was brought to a termination. The odds were slightly in favor of Buckley, and these were greedily taken up by the opposition, who were very sanguine of victory by the colossus over the stripling. On the competitors coming to the scratch a start was effected without delay, Newell getting off with the lead. Buckley dogged his footsteps without exerting himself until rising the hill for the last time, something short of a quarter of a mile from home, when he passed Newell easily, and gained a clear lead of several yards. Some little time before this it was evident that the bigun had got the wind knocked out of him, nevertheless he ran on gamely until within 90 yards from home, when he gave in, being then several yards in the rear of his "tight" little opponent. The exultations of the King-cross worthies were loud and deep. Buckley was greatly exhausted by the task he had fulfilled in eclipsing the pretensions of Newell. He was carried into "the robing-room" under the stand, where he fainted and was slow in reviving. The time of the race was five minutes. The backers of Buckley are proud of their young aspirant, and will at any time be prepared to match him against any other lad of his age. We understand these select few netted between £300 and £400 in bets.

W. EVANS AND J. SILVESTER.—These well known Westbromwich men met on Monday last, at the Bell, at Northfield, six miles from Birmingham, to run 280 yards, for £10 aside, Evans giving two yards start; but on proceeding to the Old Spot, it was found impossible to run, owing to the road having been newly laid. There was then no alternative but to make a move homewards towards Birmingham, and near the Gun Barrel, at Solyoak, a level piece was found. No time was lost in getting the ropes and stakes down. There was a large assemblage from Dudley, Wolverhampton, and other districts. The betting was 6 to 4, and just previous to the start 2 to 1 on Evans, and plenty laid out at those odds. Evans was in first-rate fettle, whilst Silvester was decidedly too fleshy. After a dozen false starts the men got off, Silvester leading, at a rapid pace, up to five score, when Evans caught him, and gradually left him, and at 10 score was first by full three yards. Up to this distance it was a clipping race, but from this point Silvester gradually appeared to run weaker, and about 20 yards from home he gave in dead beat, Evans running in, to appearance, quite fresh.

YOUNG JONES, OF THE LYE WASTE, AND DEVEREUX, NOW OF BIRMINGHAM.—These men met on Monday, at Aston Cross Grounds, to run one mile, for £7 10s aside. There was a pretty good attendance, particularly of Jones's friends. Jones is almost a novice, but a compact-built young fellow, of about eighteen years, standing 5ft. 5in., and in weight about 8st. 4lb. On stripping, at scratch, he was as fine as a star. Devereux is almost a stranger at these grounds, having only run with Ackers a three-quarter of a mile match, which he won, and put in an appearance at the handicap races a month or two ago. He is about 22, height 5ft. 7in., weight 8st. 2lb. He is well made, but on stripping looked over-trained, but was the favorite at 6 to 4. On going off, Devereux led by a yard for a lap and a half round (eight laps round for the mile); and so confident were Devereux's party of his doing as he liked, that long odds were laid on him of 8 to 1, (there was nothing in his style of running so superior to warrant such odds,) which, of course, were taken. Jones was soon alongside of Devereux, and at the quarter of a mile was a yard ahead. Jones appeared to run with ease, whilst Devereux did not seem to relish his opponent, who gradually gained on him, and at the half mile was full 20 yards first; at the three quarters he still continued the like distance in advance, and at the next lap round (the 7th), to the surprise of all, Devereux gave in. Jones continued on, and finished the distance amidst loud cheers.

Sporting Items.

ATTACHMENT OF SPIDERS TO THEIR YOUNG.—Those agreeable naturalists. Messrs. Kirby and Spence, are of opinion that insects are capable of feeling quite as much attachment to their offspring as the largest quadrupeds. They assert that they undergo as severe privations in nourishing them, expose themselves to as great risk in defending them, and in the very approach of death exhibit as much anxiety for their preservation. I had an instance of this the other day in the case of a spider, and I watched its whole proceedings with infinate gratification. I found a spider's nest in the under part of the broad leaf of the garden grass. It was covered with a silky web or cocoon, with an opening to enable the spider to go in and out. On taking off the covering, which consisted of two different layers, I found a deposit of eggs closely packed together, and the whole collection was about the size of a large pea. Having completely exposed the eggs, I put the spider and part of the leaf, to which the eggs were attached, under a glass. In turning down the glass the spider was at the upper part of it, but she no somer perceived her eggs than she ran down to them with the greatest eagerness, covered them as much as she was able with her body, sensible, no doubt, how necessary warmth was for them, and soon began to spin another silky web over them. Nothing seemed capable of disturbing her during this process, and there was no mistaking her affection for, and attention to her eggs. This she showed in another remarkable way. I had placed a portion of the striped grass, which was nearly two inches in length, and about three quarters of an inch in breadth (being that part to which the eggs were attached), under a glass upon a marble mantlepiece in my sitting-room. One of the first operations of my poor spider, as I said before, was to cover her eggs with a web. She then proceeded to fix one of her threads to the upper part of the glass which confined her, and carried it to the further end of the piece of grass, and in a short time had succeeded in raising it up and fixing it perpendicularly, working her threads from the sides of the glass to the top and sides of the grass. There was no mistaking her motives in doing this. She not only rendered her precious charge more secure than it would have been had it remained flat on the marble, but she was probably aware that the cold from the marble would chill her eggs, and prevent their arriving at maturity; she therefore raised them from it in the manner I have described. On the evening of the fourth day after I had confined the spider, two of her eggs were hatched. On coming into my room the next morning, neither eggs or young spiders were to be seen. I was satisfied that they could not have made their escape, as the edges of the glass was rested on the marble so closely that the point of an needle could not be introduced under them. After minutely examining the spider I was perfectly sure that not one of her young had attached itself to any part of her body, in the manner described by Mr. Kirby. The abdomen of the spider was however three times the size it had been the day previous, being very much distended, and shining as the abdomen of the bee does when it returns to the hive loaded with honey. Those who witnessed the altered appearance of the spider were, like myself, convinced that the young had been introduced into the abdomen; and of this circumstance their could be no doubt. The death of the spider soon afterwards prevented further observations.

SHOOTING WILD DEAR.—A number of deer having descended from the higher grounds in the island of Mull, and taken shelter in the woods of Drimfin, the property of Hugh Maclean, Esq., of Coll, in the vicinity of Tobermory, Argyleshire, a large party of gentlemen went out some time since, and, after scouring the woods for a short time, Wemyss Orrick, Esq., succeeded in shooting one of these noble animals, at the distance of about ninety yards. Although the deer was at full speed when shot at, both bullets from the double-barrelled gun entered his body, within two inches of each other. The deer required the assistance of six men to remove it to the road, whence it was conveyed to the Castle. The sport of the day was concluded by a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen sitting down to a sumptuous dinner.

A MURDERER SINGLED OUT BY A DOG.—There is at Nemours, in France, a castle of very ancient structure: it was built by Charles the Fifth. On one of the chimneys in this building there is a remarkable piece of sculpture. It represents a battle between an un-armed man and a mastiff, before a multitude of spectators. The story is preserved on record, and is as old as the time of Charles the Fifth. It is as follows:—A person of some distinction was found early in the morning, by some peasants, dead, in the midst of an unfrequented wood, and with marks of violence on him; by his side stood a mastiff dog, that used to attend him in his walks. The monarch was on the spot when the accident happened; he inquired with the utmost rigor after all that could be supposed guilty. An ancient animosity between the deceased and a man of fortune in the neighborhood had rendered him suspected. His servants had sworn to his being in bed early; himself gave asseverations of having made up the dispute; but the King suspected. Charles the Fifth was a man of discernment; he thought guilt was in his face, in spite of all his assertions of innocence. He ordered the suspected person, and twenty others, to be set before him the next day. He produced the faithful dog that had been found near his master's body; the creature singled out the murderer, who was the very person suspected, and would have torn him to pieces on the spot, if he had not confessed the fact, and changed the punishment.

SILVER HORSE SHOES.—It is mentioned by Beckman that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France, once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes, so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off, and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

THE CARDINAL:—There is a large breed of spiders which are found very generally in the palace at Hampton Court. They are called their cardinals, having I suppose been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's hall. They are a full inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst the webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shape cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient supposition that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape, Be this as it may, the spider is considered a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which I have met with it.

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